THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume I | New York, Wednesday, March 18, 1925 | Number 19

CONTENTS

Political Modernism 501
Week by Week 503
Our Colleges—Before and After 506
"After Lenine, What?" .....Augustine von Galen 507
Marriage, A State of Grace .....Mrs. Belloc Lowndes 511
The Secular Side of Sainthood .....Elmer Murphy 512
Reënter the Historical Novel .....Eleanor Rogers Cox 513
Miss Nobody at the Inauguration ...Helen Walker 515
The Ministry of Pain .....James J. Walsh 517
The Conqueror .....Padraic Colum 519
Communications 519
The Play .....R. Dana Skinner 522
Books .....Theodore Maynard, Constantine P. Curran, Lloyd Morris, Thomas Walsh, Edwin Clark, ... 523
The Quiet Corner 528

POLITICAL MODERNISM

THE Sixty-ninth Congress, from the party viewpoint, has come into being under clearing skies. The Senate is provided with a President not of its own making, and is spared thereby the contention that might have arisen had it been obliged to select one of its own members for that exalted post. The majority party of the House, numerous enough to rough-hew as it will the destiny of that body for the next two years, has chosen the next speaker without stirring any of the partisan rancor that has muddied the current of its domestic affairs in the recent past. The new dawn of party control and management seems to be breaking, to the satisfaction, no doubt, of Senator Wadsworth and Senator Underwood and many of their conservative colleagues, as it would have been to the satisfaction of Senator Penrose and Senator Lodge and "Uncle Joe" Cannon, had they been there to see it.

But there is a fleck on the otherwise unclouded horizon. In their moment of triumph the advocates of party government—or government by party—have by their own confession of faith been forced to admit that they have a schism on their hands. They have put the stamp of heresy upon the little group of Progressives who defied fate once too often by supporting the candidacy of Mr. LaFollette and have thrust them out of the fold.

The interesting fact is not that there is a schism—its existence has been apparent ever since the memorable revolt in the House which clipped the wings of the speakership when "Cannonism" sat upon the throne— but that party orthodoxy has revived to such an extent that the heretical label has been affixed to the wandering and defiant party lambs. After years of indecision and uncertainty, the dominant party has at last mustered courage enough to put its heel upon the neck of the political modernists and declare them excommunicate, which means that they are not to share in the largess, by way of committee assignments, that comes to the faithful worker within the fold. Whether this be reaction or a return to the ways of wisdom, it is an important step.

By what authority has this been done? What party dogmas have the recalcitrants rejected? That is difficult to say. Because they were for Mr. LaFollette it may be assumed that they were against Mr. Cool-

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idge. But if opposition to the policies of the President were an earmark of unorthodoxy, three-fourths of the party membership in the House and Senate would stand condemned. They did not subscribe to the Cleveland platform of the Republicans; they devised one of their own. But party platforms, however useful a purpose they serve in a campaign, have rarely, if ever, been invoked as a confession of political faith. Even Presidents have been known to treat them lightly. If there is anything in a name, only a technical charge can be made to lie against them, for the Republicans among them insist that they are more Republican than those who are taking it upon themselves to wield the traditional party authority.

Senator LaFollette is a Republican according to the Wisconsin standard. Senator Hiram Johnson styles himself Progressive as well as Republican, and remains within the fold. Senator Ladd, on the contrary has been thrust out, though he has reminded his persecutors that the people of his state elected him as a Republican. Who is to be the judge of his orthodoxy, the people or, to use a term almost obsolete, the bosses?

All this is perplexing to one of an inquiring and logical mind. There is a strong suspicion, tinged with apprehension, among the "regulars" now clothed in the garments of the just, that they have not heard the last of it. They have declared a heresy, but they are not sure that they have not, by the same act, invested the outcasts with a halo of martyrdom to a cause which extends far beyond the limits of the Sixty-ninth or any other Congress.

The parallel between political and religious modernism is too close to be comforting to those who have declared a party heresy without taking the trouble to point to the violated dogma to sanction their decision. The progressive idea is that the people who constitute the party shall be the arbiters of orthodoxy. Rightly or wrongly, the "regulars" have assumed that the right to discriminate reposes in the party caucus—a position stoutly maintained by the late Senator Penrose, who was anathematized for it when progressivism was a popular shibboleth.

If the "regulars" are right in their philosophy, they have arrived at their decision rather late. The progressive idea has already been crystallized in the constitutional amendment which prescribes that Senators shall be elected by the people. There is a disturbing echo of this fundamental canon in Senator Ladd's reminder. The dominant party might thunder its decrees, but the people have it in their power to continue to elect Republican Senators and Members of the House of their own making.

A similar reform has been effected in the House. Mr. Longworth will be Speaker, but he will not wield the authority possessed by Speaker Cannon or by "Czar" Reed. The caucus might shut the door upon the recalcitrants, but the business of the House is now done on the floor and not in the Speaker's private office. To that extent the decree of the caucus appears to be a somewhat empty fulmination.

The question is not one for the Republican party to answer any more than it is one to be threshed out by the Sixty-ninth Congress. The Democrats have their modernists. The most conspicuous of them, outside Congress, is probably William Jennings Bryan, who obviously does not take his religion as he does his politics. There are others. Senator Norris, one of the most advanced exponents, carried the theory to the extreme when he announced that he would be "progressive" or "regular" as the people of Nebraska decided. The idea that only popular approval makes a thing right and, conversely, that popular disapproval makes a thing wrong, permeated the ranks even of the "regulars."

The result was confusing. Republicans on one side of a question were as right, according to this standard, as Republicans who were on the other side. Wisconsin and North Dakota thought differently from New York and Pennsylvania.

Now, we are led to believe, all this is to be changed. The party is to have the whip hand and is to separate the sheep from the goats. Politics as well as religion is to put its house in order. Modernism is to be extirpated—perhaps. The Sixty-ninth Congress might give us the answer.

That what the answer will be is far from being preordained is already indicated. Despite the clearing skies under which the Sixty-ninth Congress has come into being, this clearing may be merely the passing by of old storm clouds rather than a premanent setting in of fine political weather. Tempests may be brewing. The refusal to confirm the President's appointment of Mr. Charles B. Warren as Attorney-General —the first rejection of a Cabinet officer since 1868, according to the New York Times—shows that the President has not that free hand on even the executive side of government which has been rather optimistically taken for granted. The remarks of Senator Borah, in opposing the disciplinary measures meted out to the insurgents, to the effect that the Republican party leaders would make a very grave mistake by considering the last election to be a mandate from the people to do as they please, should be pondered thoughtfully. Senator Borah said that the election was a victory for President Coolidge rather than a party triumph. It may have some elements of a Parthian victory if the split between the regulars and the insurgents should grow into more serious proportions. According to the Washington correspondent of the New York World, the new Senate, in particular, has started its work with a greater display of insurgency than did its predecessor. This may be a partisan opinion but it accords with the more philosophical views of detached observers of the great governmental drama at Washington.

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THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

"I AM yet ignorant of exactly what Bolshevism is," declares Gandhi in his published refusal of aid from Moscow, "but I do know that in so far as it is based on violence and the denial of God it repels me." It is highly important that Gandhi and all others in protest against any particular form of government, or against domination in their national affairs by any alien government, should know exactly what Bolshevism is, for those who guide the spread of Bolshevism, work not only with agitators and reformers, but on them, always for their own ends. Bolshevism is not necessarily based on violence and the denial of God. Bolshevism is not necessarily—as is so often said and repeated—war on religion. Bolshevism is war on God—not denial. Violence, war on religion, are methods; means to an end, which can be abated, suspended or disguised according to the needs and advantages of the moment. That is the fundamental fact which has not yet been fully grasped even by the many alert and conscientious observers of Russian affairs whose writings are accepted as authoritative. It is a defect of our news service that the most recent observer on the spot is always the final authority. One would suggest to Gandhi—and to American sympathizers with Bolshevism—a careful study of the teachings and methods of the Bolshevist schools of Applied Revolutionary Science. We would also call their special attention to Dr. von Galen's article in this number of The Commonweal.

PENDING the arrival in this country of the report made by the ten members of the British Labor party who recently visited Russia, the comments of the British press, as of course was only to be expected, range from approval to outraged denunciation. As always, in such cases, all depends upon the point of view of the paper considering the report. The Labor delegates went to Russia to investigate conditions in general there, and allowed themselves six weeks for the task. In connection with the article we print in this number, written by Dr. von Galen, it may be interesting to our readers to read the editorial views of the London Universe, a Catholic weekly newspaper. The Universe does not comment on the strictly political and economic issues dealt with in the report, but draws attention to certain points which even more directly concern religion and morals. "It is significant to note," says the Universe, "that the delegates went to Russia with the manifest predisposition to find all the good they could in its present condition, and to put the most benignant interpretation possible on what they saw. When, therefore, they report damaging facts, their report is the more significant."

THE UNIVERSE continues—"Now, on the question of sexual morality the delegates report that in Russia today 'marriage is a contract by which both parties are equally bound or free by mutual consent at all times.' And further, this 'new outlook' is 'undoubtedly tending to destroy what is known in this country as family life. The units will scatter, and often forget whence they came.' 'There is very little family life.' 'Leningrad . . . is the only town in Russia where a whole flat is obtainable for one family.' Also, 'the workers and peasants are advised to restrict their families within the limits of reason,' and the context plainly implies that this restriction is to be by artificial means. These admissions might be left to speak for themselves, but that the Labor delegates allege that immorality is 'probably less than formerly,' and adduce as evidence the fact that 'prostitution has been made illegal.' We must confess to some amazement at such a ratiocination. The marriage bond having been abolished, an evil apt to rise incidentally where that bond is maintained ceases to exist as a separate evil! One might as well boast of legislation that should allow every man to take his neighbor's goods, on the ground that under its beneficent sway professional thieving would be a thing of the past."

"THE Labor delegates have something to say, too, about religious liberty. 'There appears to have been no persecution of the clergy as such,' but clergy who 'took political action against the state' have been treated 'as any other political agitators.' This standing excuse of the religious persecutor should deceive no one. And when we read that there is full religious toleration in Russia, we begin to ask ourselves what is the meaning of words. In view of the habit of mind this report seems to indicate, one is grateful for the

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assurance recently attributed to Mr. Clynes that it is about as correct to describe Communism as the left wing of Labor as it would be to describe atheism as the left wing of the Christian Church."

IF not exactly the hero of the Inauguration ceremonies at Washington, General Dawes is at least the outstanding figure of the occasion. He made a speech, too, and almost everybody read it while everybody talked about it. The odd thing is that while many critics censured him and it, nobody has accused him of telling anything but the truth. Several have pronounced his remarks to be in bad taste and Senator Reed Smoot of Utah expressed the opinion that they would defeat their own purpose, making reform of Senate procedure more difficult than it would be if he had kept silence. There is a certain naïveté about such comments which is refreshing in these callous days. The spectacle of the United States Senate sulking over a frank and friendly word of admonition is amusing if not inspiring.

ONE is moved, at any rate, to ask what is bad taste. Is it a shocking solecism for an earnest man who sees an evil crying out for reform, to point it out to those who are responsible for it and who have the power of reform in their own hands? Does senatorial courtesy always mean hiding the senatorial head in a bag, so that the estimate which the country at large places on senatorial vagaries may not bring blushes to the coy cheeks of Senators or qualms to their tender consciences? Perhaps the most conspicuous bad taste about the incident is that which the senatorial resistance to warning and the appeal for better ways leaves on the mental palates of a public, already somewhat tired of the flavor of senatorial cookery.

PERHAPS there never was a more opportune conjuncture for General Dawes's lecture on waste of time than the first assembling of the Senate after the compensation of the members of that august body had been raised by what the irreverent call a salary grab. If the time of the Senators is worth more money, the people may surely expect to get more benefit from what they are buying at enhanced price. Assuredly the doings of the closing days of the late session did not point to any such result. Indeed the outcome of the voting on bills is particularly offensive, because it was so much a matter of mere waste of time. Scores of good bills which passed one house of the Congress did not become law because there was not time to put them to vote in the other. There was no opposition to them; many of them ought to have been passed, but so much time was wasted that the underpaid statesmen never reached them.

AS for the "filibuster" system which was the cause of so much expenditure of time in the Senate, the great majority of the public regarded it as a waste of time and power and worse. If there were clear majorities for measures, if they could be brought to a roll call, and their passage could be prevented only by talking them to death, their defeat in that fashion was little short of a crime against democracy and the whole theory of representative government. There are times when in parliamentary conflict as in physical war, any means and almost any sacrifice may be justified to uphold a vital cause or prevent a disaster. Hardly anyone today withholds a tribute of respect and admiration from Parnell and the band of "obstructionists" who fought the grievances of Ireland into the front of British political warfare. But theirs was a desperate case. The methods which they adopted are wholly unsuited to the ordinary conduct of legislation on political and economic issues in which only differences of opinion and not sacred principles and national existence are at stake. For a man or a handful of men to neutralize the desires of a large majority in a representative assembly, is the moral equivalent of forcible insurrection. It is the substitution of the wish of the few for the judgment of the many and it is utterly irreconcilable with the idea of a free country, governed by laws which are the expression of the popular will.

IT may be remarked that since the Constitution was amended so as to provide for the popular election of Senators, the body as a whole has not improved in efficiency or risen in the public esteem. Formerly it did things; it made the laws, to a large extent. Now, the members seem to be busy, chiefly, listening to the murmurs which the breezes of popular instability create. One thing seems pretty certain: the Senate will have to mend its ways and make a new record. It will have to do so at an early day. In spite of Senator Smoot's pessimism, it will not be surprising if General Dawes's talk proves to be a starting point nor if the Vice-President makes good his words by helping considerably. Some of the excitables flocked to the Senate galleries on March 5, in the expectation of a row. That was nonsense. General Dawes will keep "Hell and Maria" out of the controversy, and the Senators will be slow to stimulate him to any more displays of bad taste. But when or if a new attack of senatorial cunctation again stirs up strong feeling inside and outside the chamber, the presiding officer will no doubt be found adding his not inconsiderable natural powers to those of his office to create healthy motion. On the whole, it would seem a good bet to stake the traditional red apple on the General rather than on old senatorial courtesy.

ARE newspapers—and out of their own mouths—to be classified as the carriers of mental disease germs? The New York World, in its issue for Sunday, March 8, publishes an article which suggests the question.

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The article covers nearly a page. It is headed—"Four Killings of the Sick Follow 'Merciful Murder' in Paris." Early in February, the article goes on to relate, a young Polish actress in Paris was acquitted by a jury for the slaying of her fiancé, a novelist, who was dying of cancer. The news of this incident was broadcast through the press with all its morbid details. There followed quickly, in this country, France, and England four other cases of men and women killing relatives "out of pity," in some instances committing or attempting suicide as well. The World lists all these cases, and then publishes a long article beginning—"Is suicide justifiable under any circumstances?" And—the corollary question—"Is it ever defensible to slay a fellow mortal whose days or hours are manifestly numbered, or whose continued existence is an agony sharp as death? In Christendom, at least, the mass verdict has always been a 'no.' Recently, five persons have had the hardihood and desperation to disagree with the mass verdict about man-inflicted death."

THEN the World retells, with much detail, the five cases as examples of "the emotional wave of killing," made "the fashion," by the young actress who started the "wave"—the wave itself being carried on its deadly mission by the daily press. The answer of "Christendom" to the question whether murder is "justifiable" when committed under the circumstances described is summarily disposed of by the writer in the World. "The whole question," he says, "of course, is a very ancient one. It had to come up as soon as common acceptance of the tenets of Christianity had surrounded human life with a sanctity attached to the lives of no other animals. To men of mystic or obedient minds those tenets may have closed the debate once for all. But there always have been iconoclastic minds as well —logical minds troubled by such contradictions as the joyousness with which Christian warriors sought each others' sacred lives in battle while Christian priests implored divine favor—the relish with which Christian judges and juries doomed Christian men and brothers to violent death for penal offenses."

THE rest of the article is given up to quoting the approval given to the ideas of euthanasia by various individuals—by Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, the Italian statesman, Signor Crispi, and Dr. Arthur S. Payne of Columbia University, who not only thinks that incurable patients should be killed, but also "defective infants." If the "fashion" spreads, and "the wave of emotional killing" extends itself still further, what is the responsibility of great newspapers which so contemptuously treat the Christian ethics of so serious a subject and fill their columns with such suggestive statements as those made by Dr. Payne?

MR. Emory H. Buckner, the new Federal District-Attorney in these parts, has made an appeal to "the man in the street," to help him get such evidence against the jazz palaces of New York as will enable him to put the padlock on them: that is to close up the buildings for a year or so whenever it can be shown that liquor was sold in them. To make his request tempting, he promises all kinds of secrecy as well as other facilities to the informers. They will not have to taste the horrid stuff they detect; they need not go to Mr. Buckner's office, and so far as is possible their identity and their reports will not be made public.

IT would seem that this proposition, as a whole, is subject to two or three slight objections. It is contrary to public policy; it is immoral; it has next to no prospects of success. It is contrary to public policy because the whole structure of society is broken down by a system that undermines confidence between man and man and makes everyone view his neighbor with suspicion and fear. It puts a premium on general malevolence and personal spite. In countries where a similar system is practised from motives of much higher import, such as the safety of a government or its ruler, it has always proven a deathblow to character and a gushing source of injustice and oppression. Those who are familiar with the social history of Russia under the Czars or of Central or South American states under some of their dictators, will need no further exemplification of the perils which are involved.

MR. Buckner's proffers of "confidential" treatment to spies put the crowning danger into the scheme. How grossly immoral it is that citizens should be asked to do a work to the injury of their neighbors—even their erring neighbors—for which they are ashamed to take the responsibility in the full light of day. But just here is the factor that makes certain the failure of the plan. There is not meanness enough in American citizenship to make it numerously successful. It only appeals to persons of inferior sense of personal rectitude and, fortunately, they are in a very small minority.

IT is needless to say that the merits neither of Prohibition nor of the Draconic clause of the enforcement law which establishes the "padlock" penalty is involved in the regrettable nature of Mr. Buckner's idea of enforcement. There are well recognized ways of carrying out the law—quite a sufficiency of them. But Mr. Buckner is new and ambitious, and has not had time to think things over. By the way, we note with satisfaction that he became a total abstainer at four o'clock in the afternoon of January 26, the day on which he was proposed for his present office. No zealot like the convert!

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OUR COLLEGES—BEFORE AND AFTER

DEFECTS in the methods of our colleges were discussed by the Department of Superintendents of the National Education Association at its recent session in Cincinnati. The complaints had reference chiefly to entrance requirements and their lack at once of standardization and flexibility. The criticism was made largely from the point of view of the public high schools, which were described by one of the speakers as "the fullest response yet given to democracy's demand for democratic education."

The issue is not a new one. On the college side it often takes the form of a charge that the majority of candidates for matriculation nowadays are unfit. One of the speakers, Mr. Frank D. Boynton, of Ithaca, New York, thought the difficulty lay in the enormous diversity in entrance requirements in different institutions and the insistence in many cases upon mere technicalities, and trivialities in the exclusion of applicants. He said this was the experience of school men in every state.

Hundreds of youths are tragically affected. In the last four years, nine colleges of which he knew refused admission to 7,843 students.

Mr. Boynton very rightly thought that this was a serious condition, calling for reform. The requirements for college matriculation should be approximated by the colleges with special requirements only in cases where special fields of study are to be pursued. Thus, the work of preparation would be easier and the outcome less of a discouraging gamble. He also thought that some means might be found of selecting men for character and mind as well as on the basis of mere attainment. This is an old but somewhat hopeless proposition. It is too indefinite and too vague to work.

No doubt, there is here a weak spot in American colleges or the general run of them but it is not the most notable fault of our higher education, broadly speaking. The great defect of the colleges is that they teach rather than educate and that the general run of them totally fail to create a love of learning or an enthusiasm for the higher life. They turn out successful lawyers and doctors, able engineers and good business men. Their graduates are admirably fitted for the battle of life from the hustling, material point of view. But that they have so far developed or are now developing a national inclination to the higher planes of thought, a love of letters or a taste for art, it is idle to pretend.

It is true that there are men in the country, numbers of them, who are devoted to the higher things of life and devote their leisure to them. It is also, probably, true that more of the enthusiastic impulse toward the higher ranges of thought and study is to be found among those following scientific pursuits than in the ordinary walks of life. But the need we would indicate is not of specialists, or even specialists fervidly inspired.

The thing the country needs, that the age needs is a high pitched culture among college men at large, especially of the abstract things, the spiritual things for their own sake and not for the money or the glory that is to be made out of them as practical pursuits.

This need is at once a national and an individual one. The elevation of our standards of thought, of enjoyment, of success, the lifting of our religious ideals, of our politics, even our business to a higher plane depends on the development in the public mind of the conviction that there is some aim worth pursuing in this world other than just "getting there." It is not an exaggeration to say that a great thought, a noble impulse may be of more value than a great invention, but it would be Utopian to hope for any wide recognition of the proposition as a truth today. If the colleges were doing their whole duty, would it be so difficult?

As for the individual, the average man's hindrance seems to be that the work to which he has devoted himself while a student was so much work, was so much a part of his "career," so much of a piece with the toil by which he hopes to make his way materially through life, that there is in it for him no recollection of beauty or emollience or uplift above the daily pains, and squalors. He has carried away no joy in the humanities and no stimulus in the sciences. A poem is an effeminate trifle, history is a grind, mathematics are brain fag, philosophy is bathos and science is Edison's job. So the man has no resource in himself or in his academic equipment, and when the daily routine tires his brain he has only the golf course or jazz, the motor car or the big show to furnish relief and recreation.

It is, perhaps, a terrible heresy; but if the colleges, when they let their young men in, tried less to cram their heads with mere utilities and more to open their eyes and their souls to the great world that exists for all just a little way above ground level, they would be doing a real service not only to their students as individuals but to the country as a whole and to the cause of democracy—a democracy of thought and spirit. Nor need the effort be confined to the universities and colleges; nor the principle to those who can enjoy their advantages. In the high schools, even in the grammar and primary schools, the practical fault of being too practical is all too characteristic. It is the fault of most up-to-date methods in American training of the young.

The motto of all who have influence in any stages of the system should be to educate more even though, in order to do so, it were necessary to teach less.

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"AFTER LENINE, WHAT?"

By AUGUSTINE VON GALEN

(The Rev. Augustine Count von Galen, O.S.B., the writer of the following article, is the Director of the Catholic Union, an international association which aims to bring back to the Catholic Church the people of Russia and the Near East. The Catholic Union has the approbation of the Holy See and the support of many members of the College of Cardinals and of archbishops and bishops throughout America and Europe. The Union was formed in Austria two years ago. Dr. von Galen is now in the United States promoting interest in the far-reaching plans of the association.—The Editors.)

"AFTER LENINE, WHAT?" is the title of a brilliant series of articles contributed to the Saturday Evening Post recently by Isaac Marcossen. He describes Russian conditions admirably. Of particular interest is his chapter devoted to religion, in which he says, under the caption—War on Religion:

"Every school is a nest of atheism. The ban extends to the home as well. A parent, assuming that he is fortunate enough to keep his children under his own roof, is prohibited from providing them with spiritual instruction under penalty of one year imprisonment if he is discovered.—Religious instruction to children or minors, whether in state or private educational institutions, is prohibited, with drastic penalties for infractions. These measures not only apply to the Russian Orthodox Church but to all creeds including the Jewish, the Mohammedan and the Buddhist.—Thus one of the real menaces to the sacrilegious purpose of Bolshevism is the unshakable thing which is human nature. The war on religion will fail because it seeks to violate the very fundamentals of life, which are faith and character."

We find the answer to Marcossen's question in a recent editorial in The Commonweal in which Dean Inge is quoted as having said: "Should Bolshevism really threaten world stability, Catholicism would become the inevitable rallying point of all the forces that oppose Bolshevism." (Atlantic Monthly, February, 1925.)

Bolshevism is no longer threatening world stability, it is already at the work of undermining it. It is rapidly capitalizing all forms of discontent. It is harnessing the forces of hatred. To the yellow races it has held out the vision of a distracted Caucasian world. It is coalescing every malignant energy that the envious mind of man can generate. Nations are played against nations, races against races, until they have set up a religion for the world, which is envy—which is idolatry.

In the article quoted, Dean Inge seems to have been very caustic in his comments upon the Catholic Church generally. And yet he, the gloomy prophet of destruction for his own Protestant communion, seems merely to be angry because the Catholic Church is not suffering also from the anaemia that has devitalized the rest of Christianity. Hence his astounding statement is the more to be heeded, for even if the Catholic Church had no other mission in this world but to save mankind from Bolshevism, its existence ought not merely be tolerated, but its potentialities reinforced to the nth degree.

It is unjust to speak of Bolshevism as being a peculiar form of Russian madness. The Russians were unfortunately the first victims of its effective application. The Russians as a people and as a nation should today be more loved by us and more sympathized with than ever before. They are like the man who went down from Jericho—that terrible Jericho of the world war; already wounded and weakened they fell into the hands of thieves who robbed them and left them with fresh wounds naked and starving by the road-side. Are we to be the priests and the levites, who pass by on the other side? Or shall we emulate the Good Samaritan?

Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Catholics believe that such words still do proceed out of the mouth of God; therefore, regardless of what others may do, the Catholic has an unquestionable duty in this tremendous matter. While we would like to see a re-united Christendom face the task, so tremendous, so menacing, that we find ourselves feeble in thought and halting in words in endeavoring to depict it—yet we are of good cheer, for we believe that even if she stands alone, the Catholic Church will ultimately do what Dean Inge begrudgingly admits she can do. The proposition is, however, to get this wonderful force functioning. We must harness the power we know we have, and of which we are not ashamed. The power over the souls of men which makes them willing and able even if not always strong enough to do good rather than evil. The enormous moral resources of the Catholic faith must be thrown on the world's unbalanced scales. This is a mission-work that the organized forces of the Church today are not sufficiently prepared to take up—therefore new agencies must be created. The systematic destruction of moral education for Russian youth, to say nothing of the eradication of all spiritual education during these bloody years of Red domination, makes imperative the creation almost ab initio of a new intellectual, moral and spiritual leadership for the Russian people. Christianity and world civilization are dependent upon this.

Russia is an overtowering force in the world today. She is both occidental and oriental. She is the con-

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necting link between the two great sections of mankind; whichever way she turns her influence will be overwhelming. She has been and is yet at heart a Christ-loving nation. But already a generation has been taken from her womb, hideously deformed and made janizaries and taught to turn upon their prostrate mother. Are these janizaries to become the fathers and mothers of a new Russia? Within the confines of this imprisoned nation, little or nothing can be done. The persecution of religion and the suppression of its professors by death and imprisonment is a fact too terribly well-known to elaborate.

What must be done then is to educate Russian youths, taken from the world-wide centres of their exile, train them, arm them to go back to their homeland, to carry again the cross of Christ and His ethics that they may reclaim for the Kingdom of God a nation betrayed in this world.

The Catholic Church has the organization at hand. She alone can speak with the voice of authority. The Catholic Union forms the very instrument needed to combat the organized campaign against God. Having the approbation of the Holy See, it forms the outstanding effort of Catholicism. But Catholicism is not popular save with good Catholics. There is hardly any need of argument on this subject. Otherwise, why the multitudinous magazines and newspapers which attempt to set forth something of an antidote against what has become, not merely the accustomed theoretical opposition, but militant antagonism? What is the source of this present militant antagonism? What distinguishes the Catholic on the subway, on the elevated, on the streets or even at the polls? It seems that the one thing that does distinguish the Catholic is that he fills to overflowing every Catholic church in the land, every Sunday and on many holy days throughout the year. His places of worship are the only ones wherein every Sunday as many as six times a call to Divine worship is answered by as many congregations. Is it because when these Catholics do go to their churches they listen to a man who speaks with a divine mandate and whose teaching is not dependent upon the latest envisionment of science, so called, coming from the studies or the laboratories of experimental intellectual grist mills? Is it because Sunday after Sunday, year after year, he hears the teaching that was heard in the days when Rome was imperial; a teaching that his forebears (and yours if you are among those who call themselves Christians) heard when they were emerging from the savage state whence they have come by the power of this same teaching to whatever glory may be claimed for civilization?

Can it be possible that the voice of the mother of civilization today speaks in accents other than those which have been heard throughout the ages? It cannot be so! In fact one of the crimes charged against her is that she still speaks in this antiquated tongue. It is one of the chief charges against her that she is not "modernistic." She is a ship breasting the storms that pass; and she still rides the crests of the storm-tossed world today with her anchor clutching the fundamentals of a faith given her by Christ Himself. She has seen empires crumble, kingdoms disappear, new ones arise, only to grow old and decrepit under the gaze of her eternal youth.

Not always has her sailing been calm, nor has she ridden the storms without loss. Often have great numbers of her crew deserted her and even manned hostile ships against her. Never has she changed her course; her compass has been set to an eternal star. Bearing to her course she has come down the ages out of the rack of ruin, the only great and powerful ship whose captain is still acclaimed as Jesus of Nazareth and whose pilot is His Vicar on earth.

Other ships proudly ride the sea of Christendom. They fly diverse flags and claim also that their captain is He who commanded the waters of Galilee. But what course have they steered? Where is the chart of the Thirty-Nine articles for the stately Anglican church? Where the chart of the Westminster Confession for the Presbyterian? How powerful today in the very councils of the churches which bear their names or claim their authority are their admirals —Luther, Calvin and John Knox?

Protestation is begotten in argument; hence the spectacle of Protestantism still protesting—this time against itself. But the mother-ship which they abandoned rides the seas, gigantic and majestic! This ship carries the consciences of hundreds of millions of men; she is freighted with the potentiality of all human civilization and of all eternal existence. And this cargo of hers is the very essence of temporal life in its moral aspect to so many millions of people that no nation under the sun is not affected thereby.

What is there in the discipline of this great organization that arouses antagonism? It can only be the discipline itself.

Over 150 millions of Christians in the separated churches of the East believe almost identically as she does; 100 more millions who call themselves protestants, at least in their creedal pronouncements, profess a very similar faith. Is it her Mass and her belief that in her Mass, Jesus of Nazareth is forever passing by—that the lame, the sick, the halt and the blind may touch at her altars the veritable hem of His garment, or kiss the very feet that Mary of Magdala bathed with her tears? Is it because she has not banished Christ from this world into a celestial exile —but has kept Him close to her, remembering His words:—"Lo, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world!"? Is it because she insists upon feeding her people with that celestial manna of which Christ said: "This is my body, this is my blood!"? In a word is it because she insists upon being Christian, that so-called Christians hate her?

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Hardly that, for the recent upheaval within the Protestant bodies in their attempt to save from their more ultimate Protestant brethren the sacred remnants of what for fifteen hundred years had been universally acknowledged to be the Faith of Christendom, shows that in the ranks of her ostensible enemies there are many who again would gladly welcome some authoritative voice crying in the wilderness of their theological confusion. Once a great Bishop in Alexandria cried out: "Athanasius contra mundum" and his voice reverberating through Rome was heard in all the world—and the Incarnation—remained, the basic principle upon which Christianity had rested from the great day in Bethlehem, and upon which it rests today. Surely it cannot be that the one voice which proclaims this doctrine with absolute finality can be hated by those who still believe that Christ is the Son of God.

In the year of 1925 in every Catholic Church throughout the world a call is made for those who are able to heed it, to come to the Holy City on the Tiber and there, in the great basilicas built over the tombs of the Apostles Peter and Paul, to receive special graces because of the faith they bear in the things taught to them today as Peter and Paul taught them to their spiritual ancestors two thousand years ago. These Catholics are not going to learn anything new; they are not coming back with a new theory of faith and morals. The countless thousands who make this pilgrimage and return to their homelands will have no revolutionary ideas to propagate—excepting that they will speak possibly in a firmer tone with unshakable knowledge of that which they have always believed. And what are those things?

The Apostles' Creed, and its elaboration by the entire Christian world in council assembled; the Ten Commandments with all their implications; to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's. And all this has been summed up for them by their Teacher from whom Peter learned to repeat the words, "Love the Lord your God, and your neighbor as yourself!"

Other cities are also places of rendezvous where ideas are made cogent. Other pilgrims traverse the earth to visit other shrines than those of founders of Christianity. The tomb of Lenine near Moscow has also become a basilica enshrining the motivating power of an agenda which has for its ideal the absolute contradiction of everything for which the tomb of the Apostles stands. The Red Internationale holds its solemn conclaves, and a new papacy of physical force has been created. But do the pilgrims who heed the call to that perennial "unholy year" and lay their wreaths on the tomb of Lenine and listen with avid attention to the gospel of Envy—return to their homes, bearers of a message of peace, of love, of devotion? He who runs can read the Red gospel, whose prophets and apostles are teaching a catechism of destruction—not only to the great and potential nation which they have in their immediate grasp, Russia—but also to every nation in the world.

Mr. Marcossen, in his article in the Saturday Evening Post, gives us a rather detailed list of the cargo carried on the Red pirate ship that nations are permitting to pass freely from port to port. The cargo is propaganda and, like the flu, it seems to spread with hurricane speed. "Religion is the opium of the people!" But not really religion—for they have a new one to take the place of all the old ones. It is Jesus Christ who must again be crucified! It is the Almighty God who must be dethroned from the mount whence he spoke on Sinai. And instead they offer a new god, the master of "this world,"—who says, "take thy brother's goods if he be not strong enough to take thine first." A god who says, "take thy neighbor's wife if thine own no longer pleases; rear thy children to be slaves of the state and no longer members of a family group!" With a gesture that would be grotesque, were it not so menacing, they sweep away the toil of culture and civilization.

The disorganized condition of the moral forces of the world has made a great portion of mankind panic-stricken. And thus we see them standing like the Danish king in England attempting to hurl back a tidal wave with the command to retreat. Pessimism seems to be the mental attitude of the would-be conserver of civilization, and optimism to be the breath in the nostrils of his opponent. Politically all of the great powers of the world are trembling. They have no armies that could fight with weapons of death against an idea. Only a greater idea can destroy the lesser. In the contentions between knowledge and ignorance, between savagery and civilization, although swords of steel were used, they played no part in the ultimate solution of the struggle. In the inevitable victory, it will be the predominance of one idea as against the other that will decide the issue. We believe that what you must call, for want of a better name, Bolshevism, has already attained a position in the world so entrenched, so menacing that only the organized force of every counter-idea can successfully meet it. And Bolshevism also recognizes this. Had we been stupid enough not to realize this, our enemies have told us so.

In stigmatizing the theory and the practice of the masters of Moscow as anti-Christian, we only designate them by the term by which they like best to be known. With such a challenge ringing in our ears, how can we sit back disputing over what kind of extinguisher to use while our house is burning about our ears? Yet that is exactly what the Christian world is doing today. A little group of Russians exiled from their home, impoverished, wearing the heavy weeds of mourning for slain blood kin, have a little organization whose slogan is a paraphrase of that used by the Red emissaries in their attempt to harness the discon-

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tent of the working classes. We have all seen this banner with its vivid inscription: "Workmen of the world, unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains," —but few of us have ever seen the paraphrase, which is, "Believers of the world, unite, you have everything to lose—your God!" It would be well if Christians were to heed this call, for a house divided against itself cannot stand.

Once more we come back to the fact that the one great Christian household not divided against itself is one that through ignorance of its true character is hated by so many who ought to realize that the very thing they hate is the thing which will make for their salvation, not only hereafter, but now and today! It is not the Faith which Catholics profess, nor even the manner in which they practise that Faith, but the fact that that Faith is a binding tie which holds together in one world-wide organization hundreds of millions of people who live in a unified spiritual world, and are encompassed by every phase of the temporal world.

It is this power which is the basis of the organized and the unorganized animosity to the Catholic Church. It is a misrepresented power. Only the opponents of the Catholic Church believe she is evilly potential. Catholics are either amazed or amused when they are accredited with the ability to make over, to subvert or to change radically the form of government under which, in America, they live. A hasty survey of American political parties shows that Catholics take their religion from Rome but their politics from inherent conviction or environment. Are they not in all parties and in which ever party they may be, are they not as partisan as their non-Catholic fellows?

What is it then that does distinguish the Catholic from his fellow-citizen in every land? His belief in something greater than any man-made or man-directed endeavor. His belief in a Supreme Being, a God Who is the Father of us all. His belief in the Divine Son in Whose Blood all men become brothers. His belief in the Holy Ghost Who is the Author and Giver of Wisdom. It is this that distinguishes him. Not that he is alone in these beliefs, but he is alone in the Christian world in believing that there is an authoritative means by which God the Father, and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, speak to him. That is his power and that is the power that the world needs today. Against the phalanxes of unbelief, the armies of belief must be marshalled. Other religions of the world attempt no such direct control over the conscience of man as that which Rome knows she has the duty to impose. Every church throughout the world, every institution which is subject to this spiritual empire, is a bulwark, a fortress, an outpost against the organized forces of destruction that would build a fantastic world upon the ruins of the world which we and our fathers have constructed.

So we see that Dean Inge, unwittingly perhaps, did supply the answer to Marcossen's question: "After Lenine, what?"

In America we find the Dean's thought reflected in a sermon delivered in New York during the month of February, 1925, by the Rev. Dr. Hugh Black, a professor in the Union Theological Seminary. According to the New York Times, Professor Black, eminent Protestant divine, said: "Look, for example at the work of the Bolsheviks in Russia. Their attack on the home and the rights of private property is directly connected with their opposition to the church."

The Catholic Union is directing its primary efforts to Russia. The Orthodox Christian of Russia believes almost identically with the Catholic: he has a priesthood validly ordained and valid sacraments: he believes in the Communion of Saints and he has a glorious reverence for the Mother of God: he has learned now how feeble was the spiritual guardianship of his religion as administered by his civil rulers: he has come to know that he is not the sole true believing follower of Christ. Likewise has he come to know that sheep in wolf's clothing have come in to betray him: the so-called "living church" bolstered up by Protestant money has only added to the destruction of his faith.

In a recent copy of the New York Times we read that this "living church" which so openly espoused the Communistic principles has become defunct, due to the fact that no more money was forthcoming from the Methodist Bishops, Blake, Nuellson and Bast who were its original financial backers.

Catholics must take Dean Inge's injunction to heart and begin to do the thing which he prophesied they must eventually do. And how shall this be accomplished?

Surely by prayer. But prayer that is militant; prayer that is the more ardent and efficacious as it is accompanied by action. The new spiritual leadership for Russia must come today as it came in the first days—from the well-springs of faith and morals which flow eternally from the Rock of Peter. Seminaries for the training of Slavic youth must be organized and liberally supported. It will only be a response to the almost pathetic appeal of the present Sovereign Pontiff. He of all Pontiffs possibly of modern days has come most closely in contact with the Slavic peoples and he knows their mind. He has given to them most generously of the bread of this life; but he yearns to be able to give them, that which after all it is his special mission to give, the Bread of Eternal Life.

Catholic support in America for these agencies should not have to be begged for. The mere statement of the fact that the Church is at work should be sufficient to bring about the immediate response of every person who considers himself not only a Catholic—but who realizes that he is his brother's keeper. The Catholic Union is the logical vehicle; it should become Dean Inge's "inevitable rallying point of all forces that oppose Bolshevism."

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MODERN MARRIAGE—ITS PROBLEMS

VI. MARRIAGE, A STATE OF GRACE

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

THE old ecclesiastical view that marriage is a state of grace, and not a state of nature, is one that seems to shock many good and high-minded people. Yet what human being, man or woman, having lived a long and observant life among their fellows, can doubt that marriage, whatever it is or isn't, is not a state of nature?

Only the very dense or the unconsciously hypocritical can pretend that nature intends, or even encourages, a man and woman to live together in amity and in fidelity till death do them part. It would be a beautiful thing if married love were, by instinct, what maternal love certainly is in the vast majority of cases; that is, infinitely kind and infinitely long-suffering. But unfortunately for all human beings forming part of a civilized community that is not the case. Even what most people would admit to be the highest type of marriage, that is what we must now call old-fashioned Christian marriage, entered into with a certain gravity, and with the firm determination to fulfil the promises set forth in the various forms of the Christian marriage service, requires, if not on the side of the wife, then on the side of the husband, a great deal of unselfishness, good humor, broad-mindedness, and, I am inclined to add, philosophy as well, to make it a success.

It is an unfortunate fact, obvious to every student of human nature, that whereas those who do not regard marriage from a serious point of view, are always ready to embark lightly and thoughtlessly on what cannot but be a most serious and, one may almost say, a dangerous part of life's journey, the young men and women of today who do regard marriage as it should be regarded are apt to shrink from the thought of its duties and responsibilities. And yet, as Stevenson puts it in so true and moving a way in the most famous of his essays, marriage, if a perilous remedy, is with those who truly love one another a beautiful anchorage, and, so long as death withholds his sickle, the happily married man and the happily married woman, however forlorn his or her circumstances, will always have a friend at home.

When I see a single man leading an obviously happy, self-satisfied, and even useful and well-filled life, I call to mind the cynical, but oh, how true old proverb which says that "a bachelor lives like a king, and dies like a dog." How many an old man in every class of life is only really loved, really listened to, and, what is always soothing to the human heart, only really admired and looked up to, by his wife.

Perhaps one reason why, in spite of what some of our modern prophets may say, the marriages of, say, half a century ago were apt to be far happier than those of today, was owing to the force of public opinion. We have but to recall the amazing sensation which was caused by the separation of Charles Dickens and his wife, and by the unlegalized union of George Henry Lewes and the remarkable woman who survives in literature under the name of George Eliot, to know how the world has changed. Even what the French so aptly describe as "amiable separations" were the very great exception in the days of our immediate forebears. Everything and everybody then conspired to keep even very ill-mated couples together.

The pendulum has now swung to the other extreme, and it might almost be said that everything and everybody now conspires to make divorce tantalizingly easy, at any rate for those who can afford to pay for the privilege. What is so surprising to any thoughtful student of human nature is to find that many of the people who are eager advocates of easier divorce are high-minded and eager for the public good. Yet they would probably be the first, were their hopes realized, to wish to put back the hands of the clock, as did in later life one of the most distinguished French Republican lawyers of his day who had helped to draft the French law of 1880.

To my mind there is no doubt at all that all the good people who now, believing that marriage is a state of nature and not a state of grace, desire to make it as easy for a man and woman to separate as it was for them to come together, will go through exactly the same experience as did those Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who worked for easy divorce close on fifty years ago.

An ounce of experience is worth many pounds of cure. Some of us can now remember the shout of joy which went up from the lips of the good, the thoughtful, and the high-minded social reformers when the Judicial Separations Act became law. It is now recognized that no act more fatal, not only to the happiness, but to the sexual morality, of all those concerned was ever put on the Statute Book.

The real remedy is not to make divorce more easy, but to make marriage more difficult. Is it surely not only a terrible, but a sobering thought, that in our country hundreds of thousands of young men and women enter upon the most solemn contract possible in human life far more lightly than they would were the question that of purchasing a share in a business, or even of taking up some new form of employment?

I suggest that it is an amazing thing, that whereas

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the law steps in and makes it possible for a man or woman to bring a breach of promise action against a faithless lover, no great legal pundit has ever worked out a plan by which the solemn act of marriage should be retarded for, at any rate, sufficient time for the two people concerned to consider the contract into which they are entering at least as earnestly and as seriously as they would do were it, say, some other new mode of life.

What should we think of a young man or woman who suddenly announced that he or she was going to throw up his or her present job, and emigrate to a distant colony, within as short a time as was physically possible? We should think, and rightly think, that a change of life undertaken in such haste, and with so little thought, was likely to bring neither success nor happiness. Yet this is what thousands and thousands of our young people are doing with regard to that all-important and all-differing-from-the-past way of life which it is agreed to call marriage.

If it be true, and without a doubt it often is true, especially in these days, that marriage is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses, then more than ever will each couple concerned require all the help that God's grace can give them to carry on as a husband and wife ought to do, apart from everything else for the sake not only of their children, but of all those dependent on them.

THE SECULAR SIDE OF SAINTHOOD

By ELMER MURPHY

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has made of Joan of Arc, as a dramatic figure, everything but a saint, for the reason, probably, that sainthood is to him, as it was to Mark Twain, another of her biographers, an enigma. But he did make of her an interesting personage, a genius in whom he discovers traits comparable to Nelson's and Wellington's, even Napoleon's—"a credible historical and human phenomenon."

Shaw's admiration is more apparent in his preface than in his play. In the latter Joan's simplicity, her most striking characteristic, sometimes verges on simpleness, at least as it appears in cold print; but her straightforwardness, her high purpose, her faith, contrasted with the shifting expediency and tortuous conspiring of those with whom she had to deal in carrying out her great enterprise, are attributes in the natural order of things so high that they verge on the supernatural, against which Shaw has resolutely shut his eyes.

If Shaw's Joan is an incomplete portrayal of a saint, it has the merit of focussing attention upon the secular side of sainthood. He belittles the idea that Joan was a romantic figure. Judged by the Shavian standard she probably was not. But he paints her as one whose career transcends the romantic—a century girl in her 'teens, who by her directness and her faith, shook the fabric of feudalism and confounded the wise and the powerful of her day. From him one might learn little of her sanctity and her mysticism, but one is convinced of her greatness.

It does not follow that a more satisfactory characterization of Joan would have been achieved by a devout person impressed by her sanctity. It is unfortunate that most biographers of this type are so intent upon portraying the saint that they overlook the human being. They are presented as very holy, but not easily understood persons, much given to fasting and seclusion and longing to be boiled in oil—a point of view which is probably a survival of Jansenism, whose adherents as Masillon observed, looked upon the saints as strange creatures whose virtue lay in their difference from other human beings.

Sainthood is not to be judged by secular standards, as Shaw would judge it, but it does not, for that reason—except possibly in the case of some of the hermits and those contemplative souls like St. Simeon Stylites, who sat upon his column to be nearer God—take those who are endowed with it entirely out of the human category. I strongly suspect that even the hermits were much more congenial persons than they have been painted. The "humanity" which many of us are inclined to look upon as a modern product of democracy was a characteristic of the saints from Peter and Paul down to the Little Flower.

Canonization seems to have had the effect of transforming these human beings into vague, almost mythical personages, divested of the ordinary qualities of mortality. Joan escaped this untoward fate, as did St. Francis of Assisi, who cannot be disassociated from the world because he invested it with the glory of its Maker and made of man and the birds and the fishes a common brotherhood. But how many have been turned into pious abstractions, as impersonal as the stained glass windows and conventional Munich statues through which they are known to posterity!

It is not the fault of the Church that this happens. It does not condemn humanism but lifts it to a higher level. Even the tradition that takes its name from the good Saint Valentine is supposed to have a pagan origin. The Madonna is a glorification of human nature. Many, if not most, of the saints were not concerned merely in saving their own souls, but in helping others not only to save their own souls but to supply their bodily needs. St. Teresa of Spain appeals to one of her confessors not only for spiritual guidance,

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but to buy a good mule to carry him on his travels. Not unlike Joan, St. Catherine of Siena, one of the most extraordinary figures of her time, exerted an enormous influence upon her environment. This daughter of a tanner, also in her 'teens, scolded monarchs and advised the Pope—and they sought her counsel.

No group of men did more to change the face of civilization than the Apostles. They are historical figures that loom larger through the receding centuries. There is no biographical narrative to compare with the Acts, and there is no warrior or statesman or king more impressive than St. Paul. "I soon learned," says the late Maurice Francis Egan in his Confessions of a Booklover, "that St. Paul was not only one of the greatest letter writers, but as a figure of history more interesting than Julius Caesar. . . . Now who could be more human than St. Paul? The more you read his epistles, and the more you know of his life, the more human he becomes. . . . Under the spell of his writing it was a pleasure to pick out the phases of his history—a history that even then seemed to be so very modern, and to a boy with an unspoiled imagination, so very real." What a figure he was, this maker of tents, who took paganism almost by storm!

Dissatisfaction with biographical dissertations upon sainthood is more explicitly expressed by Cardinal Newman. "I ask," he says, "something more than to stumble upon the disjecta membra of what ought to be a living whole. I take but a secondary interest in books which chop up a saint into chapters of faith, hope, charity and the cardinal virtues. They are too scientific to be devotional. They have a great utility, but it is not the utility which they profess. They do not manifest a saint, they mince him into spiritual lessons."

Martyrdom is undoubtedly a great spiritual privilege, but the Church does not counsel us to go out and find a way of getting ourselves beheaded or thrown into a boiling cauldron. Nathan Hale regretted that he had but one life to give for his country —he gave it and one can understand why. One can also understand why the early martyrs gave their lives for their faith when Christianity and paganism wrestled for the mastery of the world. But to long for martyrdom for its own sake at this late day may be rightly regarded as a bit eccentric. There are so many other more useful things a saint can do than to lay down his life for his faith.

Yet it is not unusual to find lives of the saints turned into a chamber of horrors. It is not particularly elevating to know that St. Fulgentius's hair and beard were plucked out if one does not know the career of this illustrious bishop and the environment in which he lived; or that St. Vincent's flesh was torn with hooks; or, to quote from a volume edited by John Gilmary Shea, that St. Eucratis's "sides were torn with iron hooks, and one of her breasts was cut off, so that the inner parts of her chest were exposed, and part of her liver was pulled out." Surely the censor deputatus, had his taste been as good as his theology, was napping when he passed this page. This is the sort of thing written for the edification of children. Is it any wonder that they look upon sainthood with some trepidation?

Shaw falls short of reaching the saintliness of the Maid of Domrémy, but he unconsciously marks out a method of approach which, if followed to the end, would undoubtedly bring us by surer steps to an understanding of the real Joan and to a better understanding of sainthood generally. And that is saying a great deal of Shaw, who delights in demolishing the fixed ideas of others. Sainthood has been a tremendous force in the world. A fairly adequate history of Christian civilization can be written around those possessing it. They were not merely models of pious conduct designated for our guidance, but persons whose greatness, in many instances, can be measured by secular standards. If they have been made to appear as abnormal human beings it is largely the fault of those pious writers who have chopped them up, as Newman said, into spiritual lessons.

REËNTER THE HISTORICAL NOVEL

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX

THE award by a Committee of the Authors' League of a $10,000 prize to Rafael Sabatini, as author of the novel from which the reputedly best scenario of the year 1924 was adapted, brought the historic—or near historic—novel once more into the concentrated ray of the popular calcium. Not that this fictional form has at any time, since Walter Scott first made it fashionable with English readers, been ever entirely exiled. Menaced with engulfment in the waves of realism, and other calamities, it has again and again marched back to the front with drums beating, its chief ally being its reader's impression that in helping to kill time with it he was "improving his mind." Nobody pretends to improve his mind nowadays, but the impression still holds sneaking place in the consciousness of the up-to-date novel reader that in making such second-hand acquaintance with kings, queens, lords and varlets, he is in some indeterminate way acquiring merit.

If, like Mr. Sabatini himself, most of our present-day practitioners in the art shape the historic fact to suit their fancy, they are breaking no rule of their

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union. The advantage possessed by the historical novelist over the historian per se is immeasurable, for, if it is often difficult for the latter to avoid moulding his facts to square with his prejudices, no recognized restraint clips the wings of the former's inventiveness. He is the Caesar of his chosen domain, and if he be a novelist of authority, his presentation may actually supplant the historic truth. The opinion of one generation of readers becomes the tradition of the next, so the fictional similacrum elbows out his original into unpitying night.

By all odds the best proof of this is supplied by the portrait of the third James Stuart drawn by Thackeray in Esmond. Luckless in many ways was that royal Stuart, not the least being the unprincipled manner in which bona fide history has weighed him down with a title that kills all romance—the Old Pretender—as distinguished from his son, the Young Pretender, Charles Edward. But in Esmond, Thackeray gave him the coup de grâce. There James appears as the violator of hospitality, the profligate heir of the Charles II tradition, the embodiment of princely ingratitude. So, pilloried by a puissant a hand he exists for readers unnumbered. Yet had Thackeray looked up the annals of James's own day he would have found that this particular Stuart was an upright gentleman, so rigid in his ideals of conduct that it elicited the cynic jibes of eighteenth-century pamphleteers, used to the larger looseness of the times. Perhaps, indeed, Thackeray knew this too, but found James irresistible "copy" for his Queen Anne romance.

Even if we but rarely disturb Scott's pages nowadays, it is but a slight concession to his genius to acknowledge that our conceptions of Coeur de Lion, of Louis XI, and all the other potentates, princes and outlaws met in the vast picture-gallery of his novels, are vastly influenced by—where they are not wholly based upon—his presentation of them. While in the main these impressions are undoubtedly correct enough, they are, in the case of some of his best life-sizers of a questionable verity. Thus King James I, if we are to trust the researches of some latter-day chroniclers, was a much more questionable character than the "gentle King Jamie," whom we remember from the Fortunes of Nigel. "He was deeply learned without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to retain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that, and of himself to the most unworthy favorites." The portrait is unsparing enough, but somehow that querulous, pedagogic king retains a furtive niche in the memory of most of us. In that strange hunting scene where young Nigel first beholds him, we see near his "royal dad and gossip" the splendid and unscrupulous "Steenie," Duke of Buckingham, but there is no projection of that other baneful favorite, Carr, Lord Somerset, or of his well-matched Countess. Not even a whisper of the Overbury poisoning intrudes. Yet, perhaps, even there, with Mary Stuart's son it was a case of "the Lord sends good meat, but the devil sends cooks."

The open season for French romance, as the historical novelist views it, begins with Richelieu and ends with Napoleon. Started about a hundred years ago by Alfred De Vigny, in his tale of the brilliant and unlucky Cinq Mars, the tradition received its crowning momentum from Dumas père, and flared up to its apotheosis in the Waterloo chapters of Hugo's Les Misèrables. Yet despite the far-reverberating popular success achieved by the progenitor of Monte Cristo, literary France has never taken the historic romance enthusiastically to its precise breast. No countryman of Alexandre's own, but that brawest modern Scot, R.L.S., blew the far-resounding fanfare of his praise. A fanfare that in those days of the Stevenson wall-mottoes was immeasurably potent in extending the cult of D'Artagnan and the swashbuckling Musketeers. But honest undoubtedly as that praise was, the present-day eyelid flickers a bit at the fervidity of its phrasing. It is quite as easy to damn with over-praise as with under.

Prospecting in that Gallic field already so furrowed by the ploughshare of the flamboyant Alexandre, Stanley J. Weyman found the sinews for his Gentleman of France, and his Under the Red Robe; running the orthodox gamut clear down to the Revolution, which supplied him with ammunition for his Red Cockade. Through these stories, whatever their literary indexing, runs the vibration of a genuine manliness. To how many historians and historical novelists—leaving Carlyle and Dickens aside—the French Revolution has been a bounteous gold-mine it would be hard to estimate. Indeed, one industrious lady, the Countess Orczy, has found such a bonanza in her series of Scarlet Pimpernel novels—all stemming back to the Revolution—that her latest experiment has been to bring the hero of the Pimpernel down to date by writing a story of his great-grandson!

It was characteristic of Mark Twain, that when he chose to enter the domain of French history, he should flesh the Dumas tradition by going back several centuries ahead of it, in his Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. Even with Shaw's conception of the Maid fresh in mind, the figure of the virgin-soldier as depicted by our great American's pen, remains supernally convincing.

Though in his Monsieur Beaucaire Booth Tarkington just skimmed the coasts of eighteenth-century France, there is a provocative charm about the young Duc d'Orléans, as we meet him in his quasi-barber rôle at Bath, that stirs in the reader a desire to check him up with actual history. Now with a probable ten out of two thousand of us the one Duke of Orleans whose name strikes a remembered echo is that Philippe L'Egalité, who bore such a baleful part in fomenting the Revolution that afterwards killed him. Tolerably

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familiar as most of us are with the later French Louis's, we are forgivably hazy on the matter of their various relations; and there is pleasure, therefore, in the knowledge that the original of Mr. Tarkington's charming young man was Philippe Louis, happily passed to honorable death long before the Revolution, and that, as foreshadowed in the novel, he wed in golden youth his cousin, the lovely and gracious Henriette, Princesse de Conti.

There are few words in our so-to-say English language that have better withstood the jostling of centuries than "divine." Used as adjective or noun its implication still remains Olympian. So when one encounters a title like The Divine Lady on the face of a new novel, some natural surprise is permissible, when a first glance at its pages shows the "divine creature" so celebrated to be Emma Hart, Lady Hamilton. Even for the most seasoned modern reader there must surely be an emphatic wrench of preconceived values in such an alignment. For if there were ever a less divine woman—in all save beauty, which became blowsy before the end—it was the kitchen-bred Circe who laid her enchantments upon Romney and Lord Nelson. In elevating her to the sacred pedestal, the author (we assume his masculinity) may have well congratulated himself on "going one better" the most brash of his contemporaries. But giving all credit to the knight-errantry of this non-committal "E. Barrington," the verdict in Emma's case is too well-established to be reversed by the present amiable effort. Only genius can substitute an entirely new conception for the authentic one, whether the medium be history as history, or its "counterfeit presentment."

If the great American Historical Novel—like the great American Novel itself—has yet to be written, it is certainly not because there has been any lack of bold adventurers in the field. And, like the rush to the Californian and Alaskan gold-fields, these ventures have, in a general way, synchronized. It may be only a trick of memory that places Richard Carvel, The Crisis, and Janice Meredith in close formation, with, as nearby reinforcements, Robert W. Chambers's Cardigan, The Maid at Arms, and The Reckoning. Full of vim and good fighting as were these three Chambers yarns, but one of their figures still successfully struts memory's boards: the villain, Walter Butler—that infamous cadet of the house of Ormond—already chiseled by Harold Frederic in his strong novel of In the Valley. With a Favert-like tenacity Mr. Chambers pursued this gentlemanly inciter of Indian ferocities from the moment of his first appearance in Cardigan to his last unpitied breath under the tomahawks of his erstwhile Indian allies, in The Reckoning.

But all this was more than a few years ago, and chase and quarry alike were nearly forgotten, when by a combination of happy fortune and David Wark Griffith, Walter Butler again sponsored by Mr. Chambers, took the road, this time as the supreme scoundrel of the great photo-play America. It is but giving Lionel Barrymore modest praise to say that his characterization of the part made it worthy to stand beside his brother John's unforgettable representation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, as a true gem of pictorial acting.

Just now the historic romance, after a moderate space of hibernation, is again asserting itself manfully. And while "movie" directors and audiences are supposed to share a mutual prejudice against "costume" scenarios, there has been enough of golden encouragement in, say, Scaramouche, and Monsieur Beaucaire to make that facet of historical novel-writing far from negligibly attractive to the penman hovering between the poles of realism and romance.

MISS NOBODY AT THE INAUGURATION

By HELEN WALKER

THE glass-caged man at the Pullman window announced impressively and severely to the Nobody on the first of March—

"Just one chair left on the Congressional Limited for Tuesday, and you're lucky to get that, Miss."

I had, and trust I showed, a fit sense of humble thankfulness. Yet when I boarded the train at 3:35, on the third of March in this year of grace, 1925, feeling extremely clever in possessing the last chair, I thought a mistake had been made and a car reserved for me instead of a chair. It held only three or four other passengers. I was musing on the exciting announcement of the man who had sold me my ticket and wondering what trick of psychology he was trying on me—pondering whether it was of value to the railroad to send passengers away with the feeling that they had trapped something very rare indeed in the last seat, when I first became conscious of my next-chair neighbor—a girl. There was a smart black hat, and there was great charm. There was another lady in the party, and a man—tall, very straight, very distinguished—type, pure American—hair tinged with grey. Obviously he was much older than my neighbor, the young lady—and yet—surely they were in love (intelligent travelers, genus femina, always endeavor at first to establish the love interest)—this must be so from the attention they paid one another; the open, yet subtle flirtation between them, carried on, to be sure, in tones for all to hear; the amusing turning of tables at one another's expense. The other

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lady looked on tolerantly—smilingly. Obviously she did not object to the outrageous flirtation going on beneath her nose—she seemed rather to enjoy it—and yet somehow I gathered the idea that she and the man were husband and wife.... "Modern America," I thought as I watched, intensely interested in spite of the admonitions of The Book of Etiquette re nobodies observing strangers in public carriers.

"We shall have a gay time in Washington," said the man significantly to the charming young lady.

"Yes," she replied bewitchingly, "but I expect a great deal of attention from you. I shall keep my eye upon you, for I can see that you intend to 'step out' in those beautiful new shoes you are wearing."

"*Aren't* they beautiful?" said the distinguished gentleman, naïvely admiring them himself and sticking them out in the aisle for all the car to see—"brand new for the Inauguration."

We all craned our necks from our various chairs to admire too. Yes, they were most impressive and important new shoes. Then said the young lady—

"Why, Father dear—I believe they are too large for you."

My romantic thesis thereupon crumbled. Only father and daughter after all. How disappointing.

Now I could go back to my book. But no—an old gentleman, who did not belong in our car, walked among us, on his way from an early repast in the dining car. He was wearing his hat. Across from me was the chair of another old gentleman who sometime before had vacated it for the smoker, leaving his own, not new, hat upon it. The newcomer paused as though to settle in this chair. Seeing the hat, he exclaimed aloud, absent-mindedly—"Now where did that disreputable old hat come from?"

"Sir," said an indignant voice behind him, "that is *my* hat; and this is *my* chair!"

Apologies, embarrassment—and the first old gentleman, mumbling "I mistook the car," ambled down the aisle in true Pullman fox trot step. Travelers must learn to perform this rhythmic dance even as horsemen (in the East) must learn to post. Never a good horseman, so the saying goes, who has not once been thrown—never a good traveler, who at some curve, has not found himself in the lap of a startled old lady.

Well, it was bound to be a good Inauguration, I thought, with such an exciting beginning—what with new shoes, and old hats.

Washington—we are here. The President can now be inaugurated. The parade, due to start after such unimportant things as the President taking the oath of office, the Vice-President opening the Senate, and everybody having a happy and much-deserved luncheon, we were to watch from the windows of the office of a delightful, pleasant Judge of the Customs Court of Appeals—an office within a block—excuse me, square—we are in Washington—of the White House. We arrived punctually, to find that the hospitable Judge had arranged comfortable seats in front of the broad windows from which his guests could watch the array of glory that would soon march past.

There were many Washingtonians present, and these were not quite happy over the simple Inauguration. One of them looked at me and said—

"You came all the way from New York to see the Inaugural parade? It won't be a parade, proper. Fifth Avenue puts on a better one every day."

And with conversation of this sort, we waited. Yes, we waited—and waited. We did not know that Dawes was raising hell'nmaria in the Capitol.

"Those also serve, who simply sit and wait," mused the Nobody to herself—and lit a cigarette for consolation. Down below, outside in the really fine day—warm for March, and hazy—the crowds, dozens deep, lined the sidewalks. Old, young, white, black, men, women, children. There was a cripple walking with a crutch, carefully carrying a smiling baby on one shoulder. Across from us, on the roof of a big building, four Negro soldiers, khaki-faced and uniformed, ran to obtain a vantage point. They lept parapets and skylights; skirted, sure-footed and laughing the edge of the cornice. And still we waited.

"Does the President know we are waiting?" gravely asked the little three-year-old daughter of the house in which I was visiting. A proper remark for the granddaughter of a famous Senator.

And yet we waited. The Nobody craned to look at the crowd again, and accidentally dropped her lighted cigarette on the floor behind the radiator. It might cause a fire! After the parade, a fire—but not before. Hastily she scurried to the floor and dropped on her knees to find it. The Senator's son got on his knees to help. Then two others got on their knees. At this juncture the Judge walked in from the outer office.

"I say, what are you doing?" he asked in astonishment.

"Praying for the parade to start," solemnly replied the Senator's son, from his knees. It was clearly an unwonted position.

And then there was a blare of music—and the parade had begun. Everybody in it behaved as was expected, except one tank, and that got out of line, temperamentally zig-zagged over the street, and at length drew up with a jerk, snorting and smoking. But the parade went blithely by it, and it did not shy nor bolt again.

Cavalry, soldiers—but one had to wait for the Richmond Blues with their dashing white plumes for the first treat of color—then a nice scarlet-coated brass band came along to cheer us. Finally, the governors in their motors—smiling Nellie Ross of Wyoming, slender and in black, seemed to get most of the cheers. Otherwise the crowd remained dull, apathetic—almost silent. They were thinking of other, more splendid Inaugural parades. And so it ended.

"Where have you been, Judge?" asked someone

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of our host, who had been conspicuously absent during the parade.

"Why," said he with southern drawl, "Ah've been outside talkin' to this wretch here. Do you know, he's actually a *Republican?* Can you believe it? Ah've been tryin' to make him see Grace."

Now that we had dutifully attended the parade, in the spirit in which, as children, we ate our vegetables first as a necessary preliminary to dessert, we could get ready for the ball. Not the Inaugural Ball, banned by the President, but one for charity held in lieu of it at the new Mayflower Hotel.

All of Washington said it was a very beautiful hotel, and yet—when the Nobody saw it—its garish white and gold, its doubtful art marble statues of Indian maidens scanning the horizon with outstretched palm over the eyes—ah, well, after all, there is only one New York.

Apropos of the anxious marble Indian lady, someone said—

"Who is she looking for?"

"The President," replied someone else.

She looked in vain.

The Vice-President came—and the governors, announced with blare and fanfare of trumpet and drum—and sat with their parties in boxes overlooking the ballroom. The dancers could scarcely move in the crowd. Another room, with another orchestra, sheltered the overflow.

Diplomats, run with colored ribbons—army officers, tightly buttoned—naval officers, roped off in gold—beautiful women, set with diamonds—débutantes, with shingled roofs—unsmiling society ladies with anxious eyes, making a serious business of a party. A mass of men and women, seething—and nowhere to sit down—and what was worse—nowhere to dance.

Curious paradox—this was a ball, or at least alleged to be a ball. And the most important business of a ball seemed to the Nobody to be the serious and conscientious pursuit of dancing. One should not take a ball standing, or sitting, or talking—obviously, one should take it dancing. But how could one? Not a square inch remained. On the dance floors, it is true, people assumed a dancing attitude, but grotesquely—for they were merely walking about very slowly, in mass formation.

Said a French diplomat—

"In France, we have a phrase—serrés comme des anchois—not that I wish to imply that we are all anchovies."

And then, home.

Once in every four years, the same ceremony—the one ceremony of national import—yet each time varied, each time somewhat characteristic of the personal individuality of the Chief of State.

As the Nobody, weary from the loss of dances she had not danced, got aboard the train for New York, a Washingtonian (but first you must know that Washington calls its street car tickets "tokens") said to her—

"One of our newspapers declared on March 3, àpropos of the simple Inauguration—'Congress today appropriated two street car tokens—one for the President to ride down to the Capitol with—and one for the trip back.'"

"He was fortunate. I had to buy a ticket from New York," soberly considered Miss Nobody, as the train started.

THE MINISTRY OF PAIN

By JAMES J. WALSH

AN ANNIVERSARY which deserved wide and sympathetic attention was the silver jubilee of the organization of the work for the care of patients who are poor and suffering from incurable cancer. The jubilee celebration was very quietly conducted at Hawthorne in the midst of the incurable cancer patients who find solace in their last weeks and months—for very few of them live for years—in the country home that has been provided for them overlooking the valley of Pleasantville. Here is a work that is typically Christian. There are just two, and only two, conditions for entrance into this home for the poor, suffering from incurable cancer. The first is that you shall have been a sufferer from cancer for some time and the physicians shall have declared that there is no hope of betterment by anything that they can do for you. The other is that you shall be poor. If you have money you are not taken into the home. It is above all a place for the poor and the friendless who are facing death from that most fatal of diseases—cancer.

The work was organized twenty-five years ago by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the youngest daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Not long after her conversion to the Catholic Church, while looking around for something to which she could devote herself as a thank offering for her conversion, Rose Hawthorne found that there was one class of people for whom there was no provision in our social organization. These were the destitute sufferers from incurable cancer. So long as there was hope of relief they were treated in the hospitals, but when nothing more could be done for them they were asked to leave the hospital—which, after all, is an institution for the treatment of the ailing and not for the care of chronic sufferers for whom nothing further can be done. Mrs. Lathrop went

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about organizing a remedy for this condition in the very simplest of fashions. The story of it reads like a chapter out of the life of a saint. She proceeded to install herself in an apartment and take in five cancer patients to care for them until they should die. She depended on literary and artistic friends to help her in a material way, and she was not disappointed, though great efforts were needed to make both ends meet—and there was constant discouragement over the lack of recognition of the need for the work. There came to this little apartment one day a young woman from Kentucky, a kindred spirit, Miss Alice Huber, who asked to be allowed to help care for the patients whose one thoroughgoing relief would be death. After a while, these two found that if they wanted their work to develop and be perpetuated it should take the form of a religious order, and so they founded "The Servants of Relief" for the care of poor patients suffering from incurable cancer.

They became Dominicans of the Third Order, wearing the white habit characteristic of the Dominicans. It was a striking symbol of the brightness and cheer with which they were to surround what would otherwise have been the very drab lives of their patients. They were few in number, but Archbishop Corrigan said—"If the work is of God it will endure—if it is not, it will disappear—but the spirit of it is worthy of every encouragement."

The work has endured these twenty-five years, and altogether has cared for some 6,000 cancer patients, who have come in knowing the inevitable termination of their affliction and who have gone out at the gate of death. They have come very often from the most sordid, and sometimes the most pitiable, of surroundings. They have been taken without any regard to race, creed, or sect, and they have all been treated with the same kindness and solicitude. Every care has been taken to make their life as pleasant as possible, and if special medical or surgical aid was needed in order to relieve complications that added to their pain, these were provided. When the work was first organized at the end of the nineteenth century, it looked as though there might soon be very little need for such an institution. For several decades medical scientists had been discovering the causes of the microbic diseases and securing their prevention. To many people cancer was apparently only another of these diseases due to bacteria, and it would be but a little time until its cause also would be discovered—and then diminution in its frequency, and very probably even absolute cure of incipient cases, would be only a matter of a few more years.

We saw the death rate from smallpox disappear almost entirely in the presence of vaccination, while diphtheria and scarlet fever were carrying off less than one-fourth as many patients as before. Why organize then for the care of incurable cancer patients, since there would be, after a comparatively short time so great a reduction in the number of them? The little institute listened not to that hint of discouragement from supposed science, but proceeded to do the work it found, confident that it was needed.

Now after twenty-five years, we are sorry to note that cancer, instead of decreasing in its ravages, has largely increased. Perhaps this is only due to the fact that the disease is now better recognized; but one thing is sure—that many more people now are dying from what is called cancer than was true at the beginning of the twentieth century. Nearly 100,000 people died of the disease in the United States last year, and nearly a million people in the civilized world. All classes are liable to it. It occurs among the rich and the poor, the meat eaters and the vegetarians, the hard workers and idlers in life; and its fatality has become more impressive as the years go on. Twenty-five years ago surgeons felt sure that they were curing cancer in a great many more cases than that can be true at the present time.

It was thought that the early discovery of cancer and operation for it would surely lessen the death rate from the disease, and to some slight extent it has; but internal cancer still continues to be an affliction that perhaps may be palliated but very rarely cured. The X-ray and radium, those wonderful new discoveries of modern times, have been turned to with the highest hope, and at the beginning with reported successes, but as time went on it has become perfectly clear that while patients were bettered and life prolonged in more comfort, the great majority of these cases could not be said to be cured in any sense of the word. The patients eventually died from cancer, either because of progress of the disease in its primary location, or secondary growths of cancer in other organs of the body which brought about the fatal termination, in spite of the most faithful treatment of the orginial cancer area.

The work of Mother Alphonsa, for that was the name that Mrs. Lathrop took when she became the superioress of the Servants of Relief, is ever so much more needed now than it was twenty-five years ago. It has developed to meet the need. On the occasion of the silver jubilee, the admissions to the congregation brought the number of those caring for the cancer patients up to some thirty. They have under their care some 200 patients, nearly equally divided between the city house and the country home. Anyone who personally knows the conditions that exist in the homes, is almost sure to be surprised at the air of blithsomeness, and sometimes even gaiety, which pervades the wards. After all it was an Irish cancer patient who said—"Life is a dangerous thing at best, and very few of us get out of it alive."

To die of cancer is nearly the hardest of fates; but to die of cancer in the poorhouse, is a veritable nadir of human conditions. Long may Mother Alphonsa live to pursue her wonderful work!

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THE CONQUEROR

By PADRAIC COLUM

THERE was a city that King Alexander had not conquered: it stood on a plain that was beyond the high mountains, and far-come wanderers told of it. After he had heard of it, King Alexander felt that he had gained but little when he had not taken tribute from that city.

One day with a company of soldiers he went from his camp towards the high mountains that were this side of the Unconquered City. They crossed the mountains; half-way down they saw the black walls of the city. And the soldiers blew their bugle-horns and shouted out the name that had such terror in it—the name of Alexander.

Then one who appeared as a man came upon the wall. Now this was not a man, but an angel of God, and he had upon him the garments that had the four colors of the wrath of God. And Alexander cried out that he was the King of the World, and that he had come to take tribute from that city.

The Angel who had in his garments the four colors of the wrath of God, caused the gate of the city to be opened, and Alexander and his company of soldiers entered into it. And the one who was an angel, but who had the appearance of a man, brought him to the treasury of the city, and he showed to the King the coins, and crowns, and ingots of gold. And he showed him, too, a strange small stone, about the bigness of the eye of a man. When the gold was put into the scale, ingots, and crowns, and coins, this small strange stone weighed all the gold down.

Alexander took back with him that small strange stone. And when he came back into the camp he showed his sages and his generals the stone. All the spoil of all the world that they had gathered could not, they found, weigh down that small strange stone.

Now there was in the camp a famous courtesan, and she was displeased to see that every wonderful and brilliant thing that the army had gathered as spoil was weighed down by this small stone. She said she would go to the Unconquered City and make discovery there of what might weigh down the stone that weighed down all their crowns, and coins, and ingots of gold. So in a high purple litter, and with a guard of soldiers with her, she went over the high mountains and came before the city.

"I have come," she said to the one upon the wall, "that you may show me what can weigh down the small strange stone that you have given Alexander."

Then the one who had in his garments the four colors of the wrath of God, took up a pinch of dust and put it into the scale against the small strange stone. And the pinch of dust weighed down the stone that the crowns, and coins, and ingots of gold might not weigh down.

"What is this?" said that famous courtesan.

"What Alexander will become," said the Angel.

After that she went from the city and came back to the camp of Alexander. Thereafter she whose mirthfulness had enchanted many men, had but one thought. Always at midnight she would whisper into the ear of her lover the word about the grain of dust that outweighed that which all the spoil they had gathered might not outweigh. And the general who had been her lover would sit in his tent the next day, not caring which way the army went. It was thus with many generals, and even with Alexander himself.

But the council of the army would not have this go on. A word was given, and then she who had been the most mirthful and the most beautiful of the women who had revelled in Persepolis and in Babylon, was strangled. The army moved on, leaving her hanging there, covered with her jewels.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHO IS ISOLATING RUSSIA?

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—It may seem idle to question recognition of Russia at this time. It is a fact, however, that without publicity, through very subterranean channels, there is greater pressure everywhere for "recognition" than ever before. It is widely accepted in Europe that with so vast a portion of the earth's surface quarantined and cut off from free intercourse, all efforts toward international rehabilitation must remain incomplete. It is also argued that the Bolshevik minority stands a far better chance slowly to poison the whole mind of the people of Russia if isolated than would be possible with free intercourse. Both arguments are true. Two questions, however, arise:—Who is isolating Russia, and what is there to recognize? Just what is meant by "recognition?"

No matter how firmly our government has refused heretofore to alter its position, it would be rash to affirm that government will not alter any position, in obedience to public opinion. An administration can often only answer for itself, and for as long only as the same men form the administration. It is no doubt realization of this fact that connects so insistently with Mr. Kellogg's succession to Mr. Hughes some fundamental change in our Russian policy.

It may become necessary to yield to the constant sapping of American opinion that is going on, even though the American policy has been heretofore the only sound one, but it is certainly not idle (though it may seem so to many not conversant with political mining operations) to clarify just what one does when one "recognizes" a foreign government, and just what one would be doing in the case of Russian recognition.

What is recognition? America has never been insistent on legitimacy of government. That is to say, Americans as a general theory have always looked on government as the exclusive business of the country concerned. We do not, as a rule, question the manner by which, in foreign countries, one government succeeds another. That is not our business. All we want to be sure of, before entering into relation with the new government, is that it recognizes the general rules of intercourse between nations and that it is strong enough to guarantee security of life and property, and to respond to its international obligations. Recognition is the act of entering into or resuming direct

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relations with a body of responsible men forming a government, for the transaction of the daily business between nations.

What, in this instance, is one called upon to recognize? A new government? A new nation?

That is the current belief and it is completely false. It has not been stated more tersely, nor more correctly than by Father Edmund Walsh, S.J., in his lectures at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and in his address to the American Society of International Law:—"Russia today is neither a governmental nor a geographical expression. The so-called Moscow government cuts straight across all political and geographical boundaries and divisions."

It is a very current observation that "Russia has a complete right to its own government," and that we can deal with it without imitating it. The theory is correct, the application false. There is no Russia, there is no Russian government, not because the writer, knowing Bolsheviks extremely well does not agree with them and shuts his eyes to their existence and acomplishment, but because that fact is inherent in Bolshevism.

The name they have chosen ought in itself to be sufficient to open anyone's eyes. The Russian government one is supposed to accept as a government, is, as stated by Bolsheviks, a Federation of Socialistic Soviet Republics. It is true that of such socialistic republics with the soviet or council form of government, the first to join the federation were those formed out of portions of the former Russian empire; it is true also that the present capital of the federation, the seat of the central super-government of these republics, is Moscow. But that is accidental or temporary. The federation is not meant to be confined to republics carved out of Russia; it actually is not so confined. The federation is a Socialistic League of Nations, admission to which is acquired in two ways; a whole nation, becoming a Soviet republic based on the particular form of Socialism approved by Bolshevism may enter the League; or any individual professing that form of Socialism becomes automatically a subject of the federation and enters under its protection, ceasing ipso facto (in the eyes of the federation government) to be a citizen of his own nation, and subject to the laws of his own government. That is the "government" one recognizes in recognizing Russia. One recognizes a federation which claims exclusive sovereignty over any American citizen professing a particular form of Socialism, a federation which might conceivably go to war with the United States for applying American law to an American citizen in America. The federation recognizes no rights on the part of non-Socialists, nations or individuals. Its diplomatic agents claim in foreign countries all rights, immunities and privileges agreed upon between nations; they are instructed to promote Bolshevik Socialism in the countries to which they are accredited regardless of the laws of the place; our diplomats, when we had them in Bolshevik Russia, and if we have them again, have no rights, immunities or privileges. All our rules hold against us, in favor of Bolsheviks—none of our rules are applicable to Bolsheviks.

Who, therefore, is isolating Russia? What has recognition or non-recognition to do with this state of isolation which is inherent in the Bolshevik idea? The attitude of our government has been entirely correct and consistent. It is in full accord with the policy of the Vatican. Our government, one feels, will hold to that policy as long as public opinion supports and permits. Great harm, however, is being worked by some excellent men and women returning from Russia who do not see, and cannot be expected to see, things as they are.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

WILSON AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—In the recently published, The Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson, there is an abstract of a speech which he delivered as a young man of twenty-four in the University of Virginia, on the negative side of the question —"Is the Roman Catholic Element in the United States a Menace to American Institutions?"

It is interesting to find Mr. Wilson arguing on the negative side, but his arguments are hardly such as to elevate him in Catholic eyes. They are to the effect that though the policy of the Catholic Church is as bad as it well could be, our free institutions and the spirit of the Teutonic race (this was long before the great war and the discovery of the Nordics to take the place of the discredited Germans) might be counted upon to defeat the machinations of Rome. Here is a passage—

"The exemption of the Teutonic races from papal dominion had, he said, been no mystery. Their very natures, their most characteristic institutions, were utterly incompatible with the rule of Rome. The Romish Church could, he continued, maintain its supremacy only over those nations whose governments were centralized, and where the seat of power could be successfully won and held. As an example he adduced France, which had been under the Romish yoke until it had put on habits of self-government. He recounted the manner in which Romanism had been hunted from self-governing England, and asked if the success of papal aggression was to be greater here in America where self-government had obtained its highest development. This question was, he declared, answered by Dr. Brownson, an eminent Roman Catholic of New England, who had admitted the teachings of his Church to be utterly incompatible with American civilization, and its success a return to second childhood; by Mr. Cartwright, who had shown how all the governments of Europe were arrayed against the Society of Jesus; by Lord John Russell, who had shown how all the nations of the continent had rejected the doctrines of the Syllabus; by the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States, who had protested against the claim of infallibility and temporal power, asking 'how they are going to live under a free constitution of their republic and maintain their position of equality with their fellow-citizens after committing themselves to these principles.

"These were, he said, the teachings of the past and the signs of the present: but the question was (Mr. Wilson said) one entirely of the future."

And so on. Mr. Wilson was a young man in those days and had got hold of the "old stuff" about the Church and the wickedness of its policy. Of course he learned something else before he died. Years after, if I remember aright, he mentioned the Catholic Church of the middle ages with favor, but I can find no allusion to this in the two volumes before me. The wonder to me is that the compilers of these volumes should have felt it necessary to reproduce such a jejune effort as the address from which I have quoted.

Some of us will wonder too in what book of Brownson's the young college man found Brownson declaring that the Catholic Church is utterly incompatible with American civilization, and also where he got the idea that the Catholic bishops of America protested against infallibility of the Pope. Of course there were bishops everywhere to whom the definition at the time was not acceptable, but when Rome had spoken there was no such protest in America as Mr. Wilson mentions.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

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The Drum

'T is a music hall for sailors,
And for soldiers, and for miners—
'Longshoremen, sealers, whalers,
Be-pimpled clerks and tailors,
The hop-heads and the fools.
San Francisco's Barbary Coast—
Where they die who live the most,
Here, too (they pay the price!)
Come adventurers in vice—
Men and women—costly diners—
Beer-boozers mixed with winers—
The up-or-down-the-liners,
Decked with paste or real shiners—
Mingling here where nothing rules,
Where confounded are all schools;
And the Chinese drummer cools
All the soul-warmth born of Time,
Slowly, feebly born of Time,
With these sounds from flats of slime
That reëcho in our blood—
With his dripping, lipping, stripping sounds
A-bubbling through the mud—
Craving us to slipping, tripping rounds
Of dances in the mud—
Mad and naked—in the mud!

Oh, you Chink,
Come, hurry up!
In the meanwhile, let us drink—
For gin-and-prune-juice whisky
And steam beer can make us frisky.
As any Bacchic cup!
Crazy Chinaman, have done,
Give the orchestra a chance,
There are fifty willing women
Waiting now with us to dance—
Your turn has had its run,
Do not keep us from the fun,
Come—
John Chinaman, be done
With your drum!

But the Chinaman, impassive,
Taps now a drum more massive.—
Stranger sounds swell through the hall.
He looks forth steadily,
Imperturbable is he,
Through the smoky glare and glitter —
But the drumming is a call
That our very souls appal!
What aching, craving, bitter
Tone is that that smites the ear?
A dull and deepening fear
Goes like poison from an asp,
Through my veins and chills my blood.
And a human form I clasp—
In a passion of despair!
The call came first to flesh—
Now my very soul would thresh
Where the welter and the swelter of the slough provides
a shelter,
Where, slithering helter-skelter,
All abominations spawn,
In creation's steaming dawn!
But the damned vibrations drop
To a murmer, then they stop—
Oh, thank God!
And the violins begin
A spell to summon sin
To dance abroad.
And the brass birls blare on blare
Through the fetid, smoky glare,
And we applaud!
For the tin-pot tune does break
The drummer's awful spell,
And again the flesh may slake
Itself on earth, released from Hell—
'T is sweet water from life's well
After torture-thirst did swell
To the gasp of endless death,
And, recovering their breath,
The drinkers rush and yell
Out upon the dancing floor,
Whirling round it o'er and o'er.

But the quiet Chinese goes,
With his cigarette alight,
With his drums and colored clothes,
Out into the quiet night.
With me, the artist's friend,
For us the revels end.
Down the throbbing street we turn,
Where Hell's advertisements burn,
Till we reach a lonely place,
Where in each other's face
We read welcome warm and deep—
We've returned from very far—
Friend, shall you dare to sleep?
Lo, behold the morning star—
Lo, and list, the dawn winds sigh
Like soft drumming from on high,
From the purple dome of sky—
From a cosmic music hall,
That was open all night long,
But we heeded not the call
Of the stars that march to song!

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Michel Auclair

JUST as one becomes sorely tempted to indict a protest against the Provincetown Players for producing so much fungus hash—meaning the dramatic morbidities of O'Neill, Sherwood Anderson and the like—these leaders of the experimental theatre movement in New York bring out something so triumphantly delightful that you speed to your typewriter in all eagerness to prove their value to our stage. You think they have lost their humor, and out they come with Fashion or Patience. You sigh desolately about the plethora of amateurishly produced O'Neill, and they give you a starkly beautiful poem in Hasenclever's Beyond. Now they have once more lifted themselves into bright sunlight by producing Sidney Howard's delicate translation of Michel Auclair by that sensitive and hopeful French poet, Charles Vildrac. This is a play more than deserving the kind of success met by Candida. Its underlying thought is much finer, its exposition fully as deft and sure, and its opportunities for acting at least as great.

Vildrac is as sensitive to the regenerative forces in life as O'Neill is to the destructive ones. But he is far better balanced than O'Neill in this, that he sees the operation of both forces. In Michel Auclair you find no glossing over of the poignant suffering of life. There are moments in this little play to move stone—but with admiration instead of despair. It breathes the beauty, the courage, the strength and the purity of provincial France. It has something of the joy of sunlit vineyards and the sorrow of a sunset over a wide river. It has no great sweep of outward action. It has much of the simplicity of a folk song. Yet the action is there, deep in the very human hearts of the characters, perpetual, striving action, so that even when you catch its simplest notes, you are fully aware of the struggle beneath, of the suffering and the unrequited longing and of the sweet strength that masters sorrow and makes it sublime.

When Michel returns from Paris after more than a year's absence to find that his Suzanne has married the swaggering young soldier whose eyes seldom look beyond his uniform, you might expect from anyone but Michel a torrent of grief. But that is not the Michel you have come to know and love in the first act—Michel, the poet of men's minds, who has planned to start his little book shop in Saint Serge to bring a new life and a new joy in beautiful things to the placid town, Michel who is happier in the contentment and fullness of others than in any small joys of his own. There is no need for Vildrac to tell you what Michel has suffered. What you see is only the added strength and beauty of soul which this suffering has won for him.

He tries to understand the half childish, half motherly love which Suzanne feels for Blondeau, her utterly stupid and selfish husband. When Michel learns the truth, that Blondeau is dishonest, that he is gambling all his slender earnings on the races, that his debts threaten to bring him to disgrace—do you think Michel seizes this moment to urge Suzanne to a freer life? Another might, but not Michel. Somehow he must bring happiness from the brink of despair. He must capture Blondeau's friendship and trust. He must discover beneath the soldier's mass of vanity and self pity a truth that will save him and save Suzanne.

It is a long and almost hopeless struggle. In the course of it, and stung by a climax of Blondeau's caddishness, Michel loses his head. The two men nearly come to blows. But it is Michel who conquers by seeming to yield. From this moment of anger and stress, with tragedy impending, he draws the very truth for which he has been seeking in vain. He must create and not destroy, no matter what the cost to pride or heart. He gets Blondeau to listen, Suzanne to help. He thinks aloud with them both until he has discovered another life, out of the army, into which Blondeau and Suzanne can enter with hope and courage. Will they build happiness on the wreckage? Perhaps—even if the rest of Michel's life must be devoted to bringing them what he himself has lost. It is a wistful and piercing moment, the end of this play. But it has all the clear beauty that a strong soul can bring into the lives about him. This is the story of Michel Auclair.

Edgar Stehli—the incomparable Bunthorne of Patience—has brought to the character of Michel consummate artistry, a blend of spiritual detachment and quiet intensity that would be difficult to surpass. And he is well seconded by Helen Freeman, whose Suzanne has just that delicate transition from child to woman which the part must have or fail utterly. Only Walter Abel's Blondeau fails to catch the delicate poetry and rhythm of the piece. He lacks the suppleness of diction and gesture which could make this one of the famous characters of the stage.

Is Zat So?

JUST why should an extremely poor play—considered only as a play, of course—provide one of the most delightful evening's entertainments of the season? You cannot, by any stretch of charity call Is Zat So? a good play. It is long (the last curtain rings down about 11:30) the plot is thin and improbable and loosely strung together, and the action for the most part just crawls along. Yet in spite of all this, there is hardly a dull moment. It would make even a tired bill collector laugh. Which means that Is Zat So? is not only well worth seeing, but that it has real substance of the kind that puts aesthetic arguments to shame.

The theme and the characterization are what carry it through triumphantly. If you ever want a splendid example of theme dominating plot, you will find it in this play of a rising light-weight prize fighter and his manager, spirited by circumstance into a Fifth Avenue home, where they assume the burdens of secondman and butler respectively. Chick Cowan and his manager, Hap Hurley, threaten to become stage classics. They are so much more than fighter and manager. They are two men so steeped in personal loyalty and blind devotion to each other's interests that their bickerings, their unimpeachable slang, their sorrows and their elation jump to a level of universal interest. The theme becomes simply that of male friendship and the heights it can reach.

Another playwright might have taken the same theme and worked it out between two men in business. The Potash and Perlmutter stories and the play had the same idea. Some day a genius of another order will pick two young men struggling up the ladder of Wall Street, and make even that mysterious cavern seem as simple and as human as, in fact, it is. The

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theme is a strong and a real one, and whenever it is cast about characters that are interesting as types and sharply cut as individuals, you will have plays as effective as Is Zat So?

James Gleason's choice of prize fighter and manager is particularly happy, however, for two reasons. In the first place it gives him a chance, as author turned actor, to interpret his own creation in masterly style. He takes the part of Hap, the manager, and it would be difficult to find a more finished and restrained piece of acting. It is not burlesqued. It flows along with the utmost naturalness and ease, well pointed up, but without the slightest touch of that actor superiority which is the great temptation to burlesque and which so often spoils a great acting opportunity. If you will watch carefully about four-fifths of the stock comedians of Broadway, you will see how often they try to make themselves funny instead of letting the comedy spring from the unconscious sincerity of the character. Both Mr. Gleason as well as Mr. Armstrong—who makes Chick Cowan also a memorable personality—escape this danger utterly.

In the second place—why not admit it frankly?—many persons are drawn to this play by the same instinct that fills the China Town busses nightly. The best stock description of it is the slumming instinct. However dangerous an actor's sense of superiority to his part may be, the box office seldom suffers from a similar sense on the part of the audience. To many people this play is a delightful and safe sight-seeing trip into a world of thought and language of which they suspect a great deal and know nothing. When they tell you afterwards that it is very true to life, you know that they mean it is not true to their own life. Yet, whether they recognize it at once, or only uneasily as time goes on, this play is much truer to their own lives than they think. In this fact, it shares something with that matchless comedy, The Show Off, which somehow touches a guilty chord in nine-tenths of the people who laugh at it the loudest and with the surest sense of superiority. As I said, there is something universal in Mr. Gleason's play (Richard Taber is its co-author) and whatever instinct may first draw people to see it, the conviction of a common ground is what will make them remember it many months later. It is a play in which two characters and a theme make a clean sweep of a poor plot and nearly three hours of footlights.

When Choosing Your Plays

Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
Candida—Splendid acting.
Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
Loggerheads—A delightful tragi-comedy of Irish life.
The Dark Angel—A play of atonement and self-sacrifice.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
Michel Auclair—Reviewed above.
Is Zat So?—Reviewed above.

BOOKS

Walter de la Mare, by R. L. Mégroz. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

IF this book has a fault, it is one that is the opposite of most books of its kind—it is a trifle too sound and sober. The ivresse of the most critical writing does not display itself at all. Mr. Mégroz manages to keep up a steady glow, but the power of creating flashes of illumination is denied him. But one must not quarrel with him on that account. After all, no one can be drunk and sober at the same time. If rapture is unattainable it is a thousand times better not to attempt it. Let us set down even his book's deficiencies to Mr. Mégroz's credit.

It is increasingly difficult for a writer to be original. Nearly everything would seem to have been said already, and much of that to have been superlatively well said. The modern process of arranging familiar material into stranger and more subtle patterns must be rapidly nearing exhaustion. There are only a limited number of combinations between form and substance possible; and exceedingly few of these can be still unused. Yet Mr. de la Mare, who has never striven after originality; who uses, as Mr. Mégroz points out, material that has long been broken down into the elements of poetry; who seeks no novelty of form; nevertheless manifests unmistakable originality.

To a great extent this is no doubt due to his indifference to being different; to his concentration upon what he has to say. But it also arises out of a technique that is part of his artistic faithfulness—to an observation, as he says somewhere, that learns by patience more than the unaided eye can teach, and to an ear vigilantly attentive to each sweet syllable and delicate cadence.

"The transient bubbles of the water paint
'Neath their small arch a shadow faint."

Mr. de la Mare is by no means confined to minutiæ. If he deals generally with a tininess so fragile that, like his own Midget, it can tread the upper crystals of the snow and leave them unshattered, he does so only for the purpose of being able to handle the world more conveniently after it has become a microcosm. He bears "a taper in whose beam we may peep at the truth about everything." His intention is epic.

As one looks at Mr. de la Mare he grows. He started his literary career comparatively late in life, not publishing his first book till he was nearly thirty. For eighteen years he remained in the statistical department of the Anglo-American Oil Company in London—long enough, one might suppose, to quench the light of a weaker imagination for ever; and even when a Civil List pension set him free at the age of thirty-five to write, his development was slow. Only by gradual degrees, almost imperceptibly, did he broaden. There was no discarding of style or change of subject. But he took in year by year new territories, and his mastery over these became more assured.

This may be seen by comparing Henry Brocken, first published in 1904, with The Memoirs of a Midget, that appeared seventeen years later. The atmosphere is still one of shimmering mist: his mind's natural illumination is dusk, as he said of a character in his recent book, Ding Dong Bell; but the things seen in the dim air are now more clearly defined without losing any of their early charm. The prose style, like the poetic, is the same, but is handled more deftly: the enormous vocabulary, the cadences echoing from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—these remain. But the blemishes of violence

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and uncertainty have gone. Serenity and a width of sky arch over him.

Yet the Three Mulla Mulgars, where the characters are monkeys (like enough to men to be used instead of them) and The Memoirs of a Midget, which separates its heroine from so much mundane experience, reveal, as does Mr. de la Mare's fondness for wandering among wraiths, his hesitation to deal with solid reality. But with each book he comes nearer to it, and possibly, in the case of the Midget, he has actually penetrated to reality by a secret door.

Mr. de la Mare has not foregone, and it is not to be desired that he should altogether forego, his passion for the impossible, the distant, or for such fine irrationality as this:—"Whether of archangelic or dæmonic construction, clearly they had remained unvisited by mortal man for as many centuries at least as there are cherries in Damascus or beads in Tierra del Fuego." But he is aware of the peril of having his wits stolen by "the spell of far Arabia," and administers, as a wise author always does, his juster rebuke to himself.

"Nectarous those flowers, yet with venom sweet.
Thick-juiced with poison hang those fruits that shine
Where sick phantasmal moonbeams brood and beat,
And dark imaginations ripe the vine."

In my opinion, The Memoirs of a Midget is easily Mr. de la Mare's best book. Mr. Mégroz prefers The Three Mulla Mulgars. Mr. Hugh Walpole in The Secret City returns again and again to the praise of The Return. And such stories as The Vats and The Almond Tree are perfect in their way. Nevertheless I stick to The Memoirs of a Midget.

Like all of its author's books it has been dipped in "the waters of melancholy." But none of the others has the profundity of this one. In none of the others are the details so unfailingly exquisite; and in none of the others is the cumulative effect reached with such complete success. It is true of Henry Brocken that "its completed whole does not exceed in beauty the sum of the beauty of the parts." But, with all due respect to Mr. Mégroz's decision to the contrary, this is not true of The Memoirs of a Midget. There is here a breadth and intensity and steadiness of vision that positively raise the finished product to epic range. To this even its inconclusive end contributes.

The world, observed through the shrewd eyes of the Midget, is reduced in size in order to be seen with sharper definition. She is herself so small that no small thing escapes her. Quivering, because of her helplessness, with delicious tremors, her five senses acquire an edge impossible to less sensitive organisms.

Her tragedy is all the more terrible for being tiny. The rough-handed world cannot touch her without hurting, and she withdraws for protection closer into the nut-shell of her personality only—as it inevitably turns out, to find disaster. She had allowed herself to be publicly patronized; and feigned, under the spell of insidious flattery, to be even smaller than she was. This brought unbearable disgust. She sank from being court favourite to being court fool. In her exasperation she avoids love as a violation of the still cherished remnant of herself; and, after the episode of the circus, which is for her the stripping away of the last rag of her personality, she comes to love too late. For in rescuing her, her lover is mortally wounded. "He was dead," she cried, "and I had killed him—pride, vanity, obstinacy, lovelessness. Every flower and fading leaf bore witness against me."

The book has no moral: but it has a point, and a sharp one —that he who seeks to save his life shall lose it. "Of this," she concludes, "I am certain; that it will be impossible to free myself, to escape from this world, unless in peace and amity I can take every shred of it, every friend and every enemy, all that these eyes have seen, these senses discovered with me. I *know* that." Which is the doctrine of "escape" stated merely to be laid, after how much pain, aside.

Mr. de la Mare has done here an immensely difficult thing. One that must remain unique. His originality is not in the least affected by the fact that life, as the Midget said, "had taken a tinge of Miss Brontë's imagination," that Jane Eyre was "like the kindling of a light in a strange house; and that house my mind;" that the second midget, Mr. Anon, with his gloom and passion, is Mr. Rochester in miniature.

Still more of Emily Brontë is here; and as much of Dickens. The Dickensian exuberance is lacking, but de la Mare possesses the Dickensian power of investing the inanimate with ghostly life. And Mrs. Bowater, Mr. Bates, Adam Waggett, even Sir Walter Pollacke, are Dickensian to the last hair. Which is only to say that they are English. No other writer since the great Victorian has so completely understood the inarticulateness of his people, or has made it so richly expressive. "Well, Miss," says Mr. Bates, "what I say is, a job's a *job;* and if it *is* a job, it's a job that should be made a job *of.*"

Several reviewers, writing of the Memoirs of a Midget when it first appeared, mentioned it as a fit companion for other great English novels on the book-shelf. Nostromo was named in this connection, Vanity Fair and David Copperfield. Let it stand by all means by David Copperfield; but obviously it should be flanked on its other side by Wuthering Heights, with Jane Eyre and perhaps Moby Dick and Lavengro not very far away. To them it has its nearest kinship; but among them all it will stand alone.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Ireland, by Stephen Gwynn. London: Benn Brothers. Soon to be published in New York by Scribner's Sons.

STEPHEN GWYNN is a perplexing—perhaps a perplexed —man. He is the most charming of Irish essayists; his love of Irish history and the Irish countryside make two of his books, The Fair Hills of Ireland and The Famous Cities of Ireland, the most vivid and illuminating which can be put into the hands of an intelligent tourist. By virtue of some half dozen poems he has an assured place amongst the Irish poets. He is as well a publicist and a one-time soldier and politician who has championed many worthy and successful causes, and some less admirable lost causes, in the decadence of the Irish parliamentary party, and in the rear-guard actions of the dwindling ascendency. His love of Irish letters drew him for a moment close to the springs of Irish life, but his habitual associations were at a distance from them and the main current of Irish activity swept far beyond him. From the position to which he clings, the stream seems necessarily turbid and the flotsam about its banks unduly preoccupy his mind.

But Stephen Gwynn is a conscientious student, an experienced writer, and is above all things candid. Apart from a few inaccuracies in detail—he mis-states, for example Gavan Duffy's position in regard to the Anglo-Irish Treaty—his main narrative so far as it concerns facts can be confidently recommended to anyone who desires a full, lucid and entertaining statement of the material facts, historic, social, economic and political, relating to Ireland. One could, with some little difficulty, draw up a list of a half dozen books which in their

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totality cover the same ground, but one of them would be the encyclopedic Thom's Directory which makes difficult, not to say disconnected reading, and none would be quite so modern. None is so comprehensive and so charming in its writing.

So charming and so lucid that it might betray, if it were not also so candid; for the theory round which Mr. Gwynn groups his facts is unsound and will mislead any but a careful, wary reader. But Mr. Gwynn supplies toxin and anti-toxin in the one bottle. The toxin theory predicates the existence in Ireland of what the author calls a middle nation—Irish to the English, English to the Irish—dwelling beside the pure Gaels, the "mere Irish." From this premise he concludes that a substantial compromise must be effected with this middle nation if Ireland is to be a perfectly realized political concept. The compromise involves the abandonment of the traditional culture, the acceptance of essential elements of British tradition with all the social and political consequences which that acceptance implies. Now the truth, as it appears to most Irishmen, runs more like this—

Ireland like most other countries is a congeries of races, approximating by contact in varying degree to one type. It has accommodated in turn Iberian pre-Celts, Gaels, Norse, Norman and Huguenots. In varying degree each has accepted the national tradition and been absorbed into the fullness of Irish life. Ireland has had her reward, as Mrs. Stopford Green, the distinguished historian recently said in the Irish Senate, among the strangers who under her wide skies have felt the wonder of the land, and the quality of its people and have entered into her commonwealth. The unifying factor is the pull of national tradition. This pull is strongest when the national life is strongest and Irish race consciousness, tenacious as the Jewish, is at its highest. There are of course, lumps, so to speak, in the porridge. But the process of assimilation is continuous and irresistible as a natural phenomenon. There have been periods of foreign control and consequent arrested development, and in the struggle to expel or absorb the alien elements the country at times suffered spiritual as well as material diminution. But on the whole, the Irish power of assimilation is not impaired, nor indeed is its power of removing the lumps from the porridge. Irish history for the last hundred years is the story of the exercise of that power of the "mere Irish;" the conquest in turn of religious freedom under O'Connell, of freedom of the soil under Parnell and Davitt and of political freedom in our more recent day. And because justice in each of these campaigns lay on the side of the "mere Irish," the best alien elements spontaneously ranged themselves on the same side, just as in literature and arts the appeal of the traditional culture imperatively called out the artists of whatever racial origin. Gaelic culture was always the fertilizer. The alien mule engendered nothing.

The middle nation, conceived as a static entity, has no real existence in modern Ireland. The phrase is misleading in so far as it is used to indicate the Anglo-Irish. The Anglo-Irish were always in the process of becoming Irish. The binding hyphen has now worn very thin indeed, and they have fallen apart into two worlds. The worthier half has affiliated itself to the national tradition, and this affiliation was not the result of compromise, for it is certain that the more powerfully magnetized is the steel bar of national consciousness the more securely will the scattered filings be drawn to it. The parasitic half derived, and were wholly dependent on, what was well known in Ireland as the ascendency. That ascendency was uprooted from the soil by the Land League and abandoned as a broken tool in the last few years. Its origin and fate were told and foretold with sinister clarity by its champion Lord Clare in the Union debates in 1800—

"The whole power and property of the country has been conferred by successive monarchs of England upon an English colony, composed of three sets of English adventurers who poured into this country at the termination of three successive rebellions; confiscation is their common title; and from their first settlement they have been hemmed in on every side by the old inhabitants of the island, brooding over their discontents in sullen indignation. What is the security of their descendants at this day? The powerful and commanding protection of Great Britain. If by any fatality it falls, you are at the mercy of the old inhabitants of this island."

M. Paul Dubois, a French observer, in 1908 wrote in L'Irlande Contemporaine—

"A last battle is raging between the elements of decay and the forces that make for regeneration. The old oligarchy is fighting desperately on behalf of reaction."

That fight is concluded and the oligarchy overthrown. It is now the business of Ireland to assure the integrity of her own soul, confident that Christian civilization will profit more from the exercise of that integrity than from the result of an impairing compromise.

CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN.

Essays On Poetry, by J. C. Squire. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

OUR age, we sometimes like to think, has been one of those fortunate periods in which poetry has undergone a revival or a re-birth. Occasionally it occurs to us that this revival has been more remarkable for its poetic activity than for its poetic accomplishment; activity, at least, we all can recognize, but what is our notion of accomplishment?

The opportunity for competent and valuable criticism of poetry has not been lacking. It has been obvious, even insistent, and wider than in many another period. We have been brought into contact with a body of work, which in most respects is quite unlike the poetic art of the past. Our equipment for meeting it is usually a body of aesthetic theory deriving from the observation of past accomplishment and hardening into definitions and principles that seem to bear little relation to present creative endeavor.

Such criticism, one feels, might well prove profitable to both the poet and his audience. Yet in our day, when the need for it is impressive, it has been only infrequently practised. A large portion of our contemporary criticism studies the poetry of the past with a view to finding fault with that part of it which is uncongenial to the moods and the loves of today. But the business of quarreling with our predecessors is somewhat like shadow-boxing; amusing enough as an exercise, yet not very entertaining to the spectator. Even when the motive is more generous, the results are not necessarily more profitable. To send his soul adventuring among masterpieces is an education which may fit the critic for his function. But it is not the practice of criticism; some earlier critic has already decided which are the masterpieces, and the belated adventurer achieves only a restatement of his premises. When the contemporary critic has been finally brought to face the work of contemporary poets, he has too often resorted to merely partisan attack and defense when dealing with problems that require only intelligent analysis. Between the critic who is baffled by the refusal of a living art to empty itself into the traditional pigeonholes,

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and the critic who is unable to explain his preferences and prejudices in the contemporary drift, competition, however keen, is apt to be trivial.

Most of the books of criticism of poetry that have recently solicited the attention of readers fall, all too unhappily, into one or another of these categories of triviality. Excessive blame and excessive praise, prolonged discussion of the validity rather than the effectiveness of various types of technique; all these we have had in wearisome abundance. Yet of true criticism, of expert and sympathetic mediation between the artist and his audience, we have had very little. In one of his essays Mr. J. C. Squire quotes Mr. Chesterton's remark that this age, although it likes to ask questions, is not disposed to listen to the answers, particularly if they be old answers. Perhaps a tendency to inquisitiveness instead of curiosity has discouraged criticism; at all events much recent criticism of poetry has the air of being an uninvited answer to a purely rhetorical question. When Matthew Arnold referred to poetry as a criticism of life he defined quite intelligibly the province of the critic of poetry. It is scarcely to be expected that our contemporary critics should agree with his definition of poetry; Mr. Squire believes it to be vastly inadequate, and if true, not worth making. Yet in so far as any poem is the result of a selection and sifting of life it is also a "criticism" of life. The critic of poetry is therefore one who deals with life that has already been subjected to selection and sifting, and that presumably has emerged from the process more highly organized, more articulate and more intellible. The critic, taking this life that has already been wrought into art, subjects it once again to a further process of selection and sifting, and the result this time is not poetry, but interpretation.

It is precisely this result that most recent criticism of poetry fails to achieve. Mr. Squire's essays, readable and well-disposed as they are, illustrate the failure in no uncertain terms. His subjects range from Tennyson and Arnold to Yeats, Hardy, Housman, Bridges and D'Annunzio; he includes two lectures devoted to Subject in Poetry, and an essay on the poetry of the eighteenth century; he writes of Alice Meynell and Edmund Blunden; he speculates as to what elements of the life of our time will pass over into the poetry of the future. Much of this material, obviously, is the direct product of Mr. Squire's journalistic function; but the volume purports to be criticism, and whatever the origin of its contents, must be judged as criticism, since Mr. Squire offers it as such.

What, then, has he to tell us? That the forces of permanence and change are operative in the art of poetry; that eighteenth-century English verse is not undeserving of attention; that Tennyson wrote some distinguished poetry and some very dull stuff; that Matthew Arnold's doubts in verse appeal to him more than his dogmas in prose; that Mr. Hardy combines pessimism with pity; that Mr. Housman has "disciplined himself to such a point that there is at least one poem in his new volume which does not contain a single adjective." These are a few of Mr. Squire's ideas, indicative of the quality of his book.

Was it not George Santayana who once observed that "popular poets are the parish priests of the Muse, retailing her ancient divinations to a long-since converted public?" Are popular critics those who tell us only what we already knew?

Mr. Squire has talent; he writes readable, lucid prose; he has a vein of wit and common sense; he has the capacity to enjoy beauty; and the basis of criticism is not absent from his work. He knows that the material of poetry is emotion, and that the business of the poet is to communicate emotion. Here, surely, is the foundation for criticism; one waits for Mr. Squire to explain the emotions which the poems he writes about actually give us. But one waits in vain. He prefers to attempt a conclusive estimate of Arnold in nine pages, and one of Tennyson in fifteen. He quotes a good deal of beautiful poetry with the remark that it is beautiful, but without any attempt to reveal what there is in the poem which produces the effect of beauty. The central problem of criticism thus invariably eludes him, and of the fact that it does so he appears to be blissfully unconscious.

All of which might well be unimportant were it not for the fact that Mr. Squire is representative of a large number of our contemporary critics. He has merely the attitude toward criticism and the approach to its materials that are all too generally shared. Both make the actual production of criticism highly improbable.

LLOYD MORRIS.

Simplicissimus the Vagabond, translated by A. T. S. Goodrick. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

IN THIS fine edition of Simplicissimus, we find the old German classic, now recognized as the work of Hans Jacob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen, a native of Hesse in the seventeenth century. He is said to have been converted to Catholicism; in later life entered the service of the Bishop of Strassburg, and was regarded as a man of great intellect and erudition.

Passing over his other books—The Man in the Moon, derived from a work by Domingo González, from which Swift took some of his ideas in Gulliver's adventures in Laputa, and The Satyrical Pilgrim and The Chaste Joseph—we come upon his first draft of Simplicissimus published in 1668, with continuations in 1670 and 1674.

"The story," says William Rose, who has contributed the scholarly introduction to this edition, "is to tell the life and adventures of an individual who has seen, learned and done many strange things, and has eventually decided voluntarily to quit the world of action and experience for the tranquility of a hermit's cell. Simplicissimus started life as an ignorant peasant lad, received a rather narrow one-sided and superficial education from the hermit, and knew nothing of the realities of life until he left his forest and arrived in Hanau. The extraordinary episode of the Mummelaer and his journey to Russia and back, via Asia, are utterly out of harmony with the remainder of the story and the final retreat to a hermit's cell, preceded by a lengthy farewell to the world, taken bodily from a work of the Spanish ascetic, Antonio de Guevara, does not come as a natural consummation."

We can do no more than quote from Simplicissimus's burlesque account of his humble father's home—

"The tapestries were of the most delicate web in the world, wove for us by her that of old did challenge Minerva to a spinning match. His windows were dedicated to St. Papyrius for no other reason than that same paper doth take longer to come to perfection, reckoning from the sowing of the hemp or flax whereof 'tis made, than doth the finest and clearest glass of Murano. Instead of pages, lackeys and grooms, he had sheep, goats and swine which often waited upon me in the pastures till I drove them home. His armoury was well furnished with ploughs, mattocks, axes, hoes, pitchforks and hayforks, with which weapons he daily exercised himself: for hoeing and digging he made his military discipline as did the

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old Romans in time of peace. The yoking of cattle was his generalship, tilling of the land his campaigning, and the cleaning out of stables his princely pastime and exercise. But all this I account nothing of and am not puffed up thereby, lest any should have cause to jibe at me as at other new-fangled nobility, for I esteem myself no higher than was my dad, which had his abode in a right merry land—to wit, in the Spessart, where the wolves do howl good-night to each other."

THOMAS WALSH.

Noon, by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

THE genial Ik Marvel told his Dream Life in meditative reverie. Mrs. Norris has sketched the outline of her life in a short autobiography that is a dream realized in action. A credo of cheerfulness—not by request—has been practised with a resultant mild ectasy—for Noon realizes a happy life.

Noon begins in the morning of California—at least California forty years ago—before the advent of widely heralded sunkissed fruit and the realator. In these golden days she draws a glowing picture of a large and happy family. From the vicissitudes of childhood to the realization of her literary success as a popular novelist, bitter despair has been always vanquished by a child-like gayety, affection, and inexorable cheer—mixed generously with much common sense, which is not celebrated in her account, but ever in evidence. Her early years were idyllic. Yet death claimed both her parents before the children were grown. An older brother, her sister Teresa, and Mrs. Norris held the family together, bore the parental burden with courage and gentle humor. Laughter smiled away care, and the family grew up. Romance entered with Charles Norris. And then the glory of California is exchanged for the romance of a literary career in New York.

New York is a new chapter. On $25.00 a week they began the conquest of the literary world. Mrs. Norris hymns the potency of honest poverty. True, the days when two could live on $25.00 a week, comfortably, seem from today, far-off things. Yet these first years of Kathleen and Charles Norris are replete with delightful and arresting interest. Her first venture to write, her methods, trials, and the assistance of Charles Norris record a fascinating story.

Of her sister Teresa, her marriage, her husband—a rare and charming poet—and their children (to whom this book is dedicated) she writes with delicacy, insight and devoutness. For the children that so bravely bore the parental bereavement of their youth, never entirely lost, in the years that separated them with diverse destinies, that close bond of family unity. For in these later days of high noon, the accounts of Mrs. Norris and her sister Teresa are almost as one. They are compact with affection, hope and human travail. The overtones of these spirited and sensitive pages reflect our little worlds of pathos and joy of living—the emotions that are seeds of literature and the personal life of writers. In half a page her great loss is expressed starkly and movingly in a few simple words—

"She died in January, radiant and wonderful to the end. And with her something died out of life forever, in the hearts of us who loved her. And so came middle-age, for I have discovered that middle-age is not a question of years. It is that moment in life when one realizes that one has exchanged, by a series of subtle shifts and substitutes, the vague and vaporous dreams of youth, for the definite and tangible realization. . . . but it is never the dream, it never can be the dream."

EDWIN CLARK.

BRIEFER MENTION

Georgian Stories, 1924. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

APPARENTLY realism reigns supreme in English fiction. This year's collection of the Georgian writers smacks almost entirely of realistic detailing of life. The matter-of-factness of life, the materialism of the age, the strict application of modern psychological thought, has conformed this group of writers to a confining norm. It is all pristine and hard, without a gleam of romance or fancy. Yet the collection lists notable names: St. John Irvine, Phillis Bottome, Beresford, Stacy Aumonier, Huxley and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. On the whole these stories are technical triumphs and extreme citings of the more perverse phases of life. For instance, Irvine's mordant study of a man who is afraid to live, is hardly a formidable criticism of life. However, Phillis Bottome's story of The Liqueur Glass, is mordantly fascinating. Its irony, though, is not completely submerged in the abnormal. Aumonier, as usual, has written his story around one idea, but his The Accident of Crime, is considerably less than his best. A Beautiful Superstition, by Mrs. Lowndes, a delicately told fantasy, is by all odds the outstanding story of the collection.

Julie Cane, by Harvey O'Higgins. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

HARVEY O'HIGGINS is a writer who has made Freud useful to himself, rather than allow himself to be an exploitation of Freud. He has refrained from going gaga on the subject of the subconscious; he has applied it with discrimination. His sane usage of what he has first made more or less his own, has increased the profundity of his characterization. His conception of the life of a unique, small town girl, Julie Cane, and that of her visionary father, are finely rounded portraits. Even the picture of Findelien is deftly done—it suggests. He tells the story of the revolt of the individual from the village without bitterness or tricky catalogued documentation. The novel is suffused with a graceful charm. Humor lights the passage of Julie's girlhood—and the passing is very real. But the ending leaves something to be desired. It is not up to the fine conception that is expressed in Julie. Yet after the adventures of Julie, one can only think of Tarkington, and his prankful Penrod, as a portrayer of surfaces, where O'Higgins has revealed some of the hidden recesses in the fastness of the heart of youth.

E. C.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Ten Commandments—but fourteen points," mused Dr. Angelicus aloud in the library. "Here," he continued, "is Glenn Frank talking in Asbury Park to the New Jersey Methodist Episcopal Conference, advocating a religious renaissance based on fourteen points. Now it seems so much simpler to me, since this is the age of simplification, by subtracting four, to reduce it to the Ten Commandments."

"There is a certain similarity between Moses and Wilson," mused Primus Criticus.

"Tut," admonished the Editor. "Continue, Dr. Angelicus. What were Mr. Frank's fourteen points?"

Dr. Angelicus read aloud from the newspaper—

" 'Substitute the religion of Jesus for Christianity. Make faith a matter of adventure rather than assent. Preach the Gospel of Jesus rather than the gospel about Jesus. Apply as well as announce the principles of the religion of Jesus. Modernize the religious vocabulary. Emphasize the use of science by religion, rather than the reconciliation of science to religion. Break the chains that bind the Church to the State. Define sin as something that hurts life rather than God. Merge the sacred with the secular.' "

"Well, well," said the Editor, "how about merging the secular with the sacred: better build upward, not dig religious subways unnecessarily."

"Do you think a sacred hymn, like Gounod's Ave Maria or The Lost Chord—"

"Is the latter a hymn, Doctor?"

"Yes, so is I Hear You Calling Me," replied the angelical person with firmness. Then he continued—"Do you think a sacred hymn in a Sunday night concert on Broadway is more effective than a professional whistler to organ accompaniment in the Penumbra Tabernacle?"

"Blessings on thee, barefoot boy," murmured Primus Criticus, "I do, I do."

"Or the aerial trapeze work of Siamese monks more appropriate to the sacred arches of Saint Barcaroles in the Bowery than the Pilgrims' Chorus in the Hippodrome?"

"I don't, I don't," chanted Criticus, in the tones of a litany.

"Let us lift up the secular, not drag down the sacred—"

" 'He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down,' "

quoted Hereticus, proud of his Bartlett Quotations memories.

"St. Cecilia would be proud," continued the Doctor, "to differ with the Editor of The Century—not to mention Dryden.

"Tomorrow I shall go into conference with Tittivillus and prepare our own Fourteen Propositions for the Radio Sunday Afternoon Service."

"Have you any points ready for your declaration, Doctor?" asked Miss Anonymoncule, helpfully.

"We shall consider such points," replied the angelical authority, "as first: Shall we make faith a matter of adolescence and digestion, rather than consensus of opinion? Secondly, shall we preach the Gospel like Hamlet with the Melancholy Dane omitted? Thirdly, shall we jazz up our religious vocabulary? Fourthly, shall we emphasize the religious behavior of our scientists in relation to real science? Fifthly, shall we define sin as something evil that hurts us all, not as a disease or even a display of genius? But let us not be too proud of our novel doctrines. Pride is dangerous: look at this, dear Primus—" went on the Doctor as he pulled down his rumpled waistcoat. "This came to me anonymously this morning on a colored picture postcard. Please read it aloud, Criticus."

Primus took the card gingerly. "Boyish collegiate handwriting of futuristic capitals and Cufic curves," he said. "It shows signs of post-graduate cleverness—yes, another limerick—

'Our village declares that the Laureate
Wrote exquisite sonnets before he ate:
But now his sestets
Are sent back with regrets
As his verse grew worse the more he ate.' "

"You remember," suggested Hereticus, "the bald-headed youngster who seemed to admire the Neapolitan cleverness with which you managed the skeins of macaroni the other night at Ristorante Sorrento? I suspect it is his work."

"I have never experienced any little success in life nor realized it, until some 'kick' reached me in my eminence," complained the Doctor.

"Oh, the envy of the young and the modern!" said Hereticus, consolingly.

"The modern note," added Primus Criticus, gravely.

"Have you read of that Chicago minister who thinks the Bible inspiring but not inspired?" asked the Editor, evidently wishing to change the subject.

"Or of the archaeologists who have discovered in Patagonia discarded old cross-word puzzles among the clam-deposits in the Argentine?" piped up Hereticus, true to his sociological bents.

"Or of the new schisms in the Christian Science Church started by Mrs. Bill, who seems to have an aggressive *coo,*" suggested the Editor.

"Doesn't anybody read the sensible things? Here we have not had a word about the earthquake"—objected Angelicus—"not a word about the five-cent fare—nor of the Russians, nor the opium traffic. Are we really intellectuals? Spirits of the late Daniel Webster and Horace Greeley! Doesn't anybody read the editorials?"

"The news from Palm Beach—" began Miss Anonymoncule.

"My hat, Tittivillus!" cried the Doctor, rushing from his arm-chair, rousing the youngster from the ecstasy with which he always listens to the words of the talented young authoress.

"Life is telling on the Doctor," said Hereticus, as the door slammed behind the portly form. "We must prevent him from reading the afternoon newspapers: his nerves have been unsettled ever since his return from that felicity school in Chicago."

"Did he deliver his extracts from Plato there?"

"No, he found the dancing had begun and it never ceased until he was obliged to take his train for New York again. He apparently discovered more tango-steps than syllogisms in the course. I heard him call them philosophers of the whirling dervish school. I know he refused to go on the floor with the chief of the lady-directors."

"The Doctor has the spirit of the ancient solitaries. The strain of these experiences has been too great for him."

"He should have gone to Washington after all," suggested Miss Anonymoncule. "We must endeavor to restrain his polemical enthusiasms in the future."

The grey of a springtime twilight came through the windows.

"Heigh-ho!" yawned Tittivillus, as he ushered out the last of the group and began to rearrange the sofa cushions and the ash trays in their appointed order.

THE LIBRARIAN.

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